

T H E S T E P F A T H E R

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MORRISON'S TOWN - DAY

1

Early morning. CAMERA FOLLOWS a newsboy delivering papers, throwing them onto porches in a sleepy middle-class neighborhood. CAMERA RISES with paper tossed onto porch of the Morrison house, but continues to pan upward, as the paper falls. CAMERA PANS IN on two second-story windows. One, a bedroom window, has its shade drawn, with lights on inside. The other, a bathroom window, is smaller, with translucent glass, no light on inside. A FIGURE moves past the bedroom window. CAMERA PANS IN on the bathroom window. The light goes on in there. CAMERA PANS TO ECU on the translucent window, going OUT OF FOCUS, OVERLAPPING TO

INT. MORRISON BATHROOM - DAY

2

POV from medicine chest mirror into a modern suburban-style bathroom. Somewhat messy and lived-in, with one pair of pantyhouse thrown over the shower curtain rod. The bedroom door is centerframe in the opposite wall, with a woman's robe on the hook. This door is open, and HENRY MORRISON is entering. He is in his late thirties, medium height, longish hair in a Kennedy-style sweep across his forehead, glasses. He carries a small suitcase. He wears a plaid wool shirt and jeans and jogging sneakers, all of them spattered with blood. There are blood streaks also on his face and glasses.

Morrison places the suitcase on the toilet, then turns to the medicine chest. He stands looking at himself in the mirror (i.e., he looks directly into CAMERA), his expression dazed, almost drugged. He touches his face, smearing the blood-streaks, then reaches down OUT OF FRAME. SOUND of water in sink. He removes his glasses, puts them on sink OUT OF FRAME, bends to wash his face and hands. Water SOUND OFF.

Morrison dries his hands and face on a small towel, throws the towel on the floor, opens the suitcase. From it he takes a neatly folded suit in a dry cleaner's plastic bag. Removing the robe from the hook on the door, he throws it on the floor and hangs up the suit. Next he takes a laundered white shirt from the suitcase, discards the paper band, shakes the shirt out, hangs it on the hook. A restrained dark figured tie follows. Jockey shorts, t-shirt, black socks and black shoes go on top of the water closet. A small contact lens carrier goes on the sink OUT OF FRAME.

Morrison pauses after he puts down the contact lens carrier, then picks up his glasses, turns, and tosses them into the suitcase in the unmistakable manner of a man throwing something away. Making the point again, he pulls off both shoes and tosses them into the suitcase, obviously not caring if he hits the glasses or not.

Turning toward the shower, Morrison looks angry when he sees the pantyhose. He yanks them off the rod and holds them in both hands as though ready to use them as a garotte, then hurls them angrily away. Pulling the shower curtain closed, he reaches in and turns on the faucets. SOUND of shower.

Morrison turns back to the mirror, leans in to CU, and carefully peels off his wig, revealing a deep bald patch. The wig is dropped into the suitcase, and then he strips off his clothing, tossing everything into the suitcase. The mirror (i.e., the CAMERA) begins to steam, obscuring his movements.

TIME LAPSE. Screen completely steamed over. Shower SOUND OFF. Morrison's hand appears, in a circular motion wiping away the steam. He's fresh from the shower, wrapped in a towel.

TIME LAPSE. Steam almost completely gone. Morrison in ECU puts in his contact lenses.

TIME LAPSE. Morrison getting dressed.

TIME LAPSE. Morrison stands in front of the mirror putting on his tie. He finishes, leans close to CU, studies his face. Faintly he smiles, then turns away, shuts the suitcase, and shrugs into his suit jacket. Picking up the suitcase, he opens the door and leaves the bathroom.

INT. MORRISON BEDROOM - DAY

3

A WIDE SHOT of a large room, somewhat messy. Unmade kingside bed. Female clothing scattered about. Shades drawn against sunlight. A chair has been knocked over, and the hall door dangles from one hinge. CAMERA PANS as Morrison crosses, carrying the suitcase, and exits to the hall.

INT. MORRISON UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

4

Some indication of breakage. A Rambo doll lies on the floor. Morrison, about to pass it, stops, frowns at the doll, looks long-suffering, shakes his head, stoops, picks up the doll. He retraces his steps past the bedroom doorway he came out of to a closed bedroom door on the other side of the hall.

He opens that door, tosses the doll in, shakes his head again in irritation, closes the door, and moves off again toward the stairs.

INT. MORRISON STAIRWAY AND FRONT HALL - DAY

5

CAMERA on ground-floor level, angled up, showing stairs and the blood-smeared wall beside them. Morrison trots down the stairs and crosses the front hall to the door. CAMERA PANS with him, past the wide doorway to the living room, giving a quick view of sunlit carnage. Bodies on the floor, furniture thrown about, blood everywhere. CAMERA PANS to a FULL SHOT of the front door, then HOLDS. Morrison exits, carefully closing the door behind himself.

EXT. MORRISON HOUSE - DAY

6 *

Morrison crosses the porch like any man going to work, jauntily carrying the suitcase. He walks down the drive to the sidewalk, WHISTLING a cheerful tune, and strides away down the street. MAIN TITLE: "THE STEPFATHER". Morrison disappears around the corner.

EXT. COMMUTER FERRY - DAY

7

CLOSE ON a sign which reads "Ferry Commuter". Nearby, a sticker: "Help Clean Up Puget Sound".

CAMERA SWINGS AROUND and dollies forward to reveal Morrison standing at the rail of a ferry with his back turned. There are no other passengers in sight. He lifts the suitcase to the rail and balances it there for a moment. Then, with his finger, he gives it a gentle tap and it falls overboard.

ANGLE. Following the suitcase on its descent. It hits the churning waters in the wake of the ferry and sinks out of sight.

EXT. SEATTLE BAY - DAY

A7

ESTABLISHING the ferry as it glides ghost-like into the early morning mist.

EXT. BLAKE'S TOWN - DAY

8

Twelve months later. This is a pleasant suburban town, a bedroom community. CAMERA FOLLOWS STEPHANIE MAINE and KAREN

DARROW, both 15, as they ride their bikes away from their high school (sixties-modern, functional) through town toward their homes. SUPER TITLES through VARIOUS SHOTS, to include:

1. The shopping center in which the real estate agency Tichler and Grace is located.
2. The medical center building containing Dr. Bondurant's office.
3. A house we will see Jerry Blake marketing.
4. The gas station Ogilvie will visit.

5. A small park with a children's playground, including a tiny merry-go-round (merely a flat metal turntable with pipe railings, now with LITTLE KIDS pushing themselves around and around on it).

The girls spend most of their time off streets, doing shortcuts involving backyards, driveways, paths through vacant lots. Both have portable radios strapped to the handlebars; they're tuned to different music stations, so we hear one record or the other depending on which girl is closest to CAMERA, and the SOUND alternates tunefulness with discordancy. The girls SHOUT a happy but discontinuous conversation which the music keeps us from hearing.

At a residential intersection, Stephanie and Karen separate, waving to one another. CAMERA FOLLOWS Stephanie to her home, a pleasant modern two-story house not unlike the Morrison house we saw before the credits. TITLES END as Stephanie bicycles up her blacktop driveway and enters the attached garage.
FADE OUT.

EXT. BLAKE BACK YARD - DAY

9

A large yard, with a round above-ground pool to one side and a chain link fence across the back.

Stephanie dumps her bike on the lawn and starts for the back yard when a bunch of wet leaves sails through the air and smacks her in the back of the head.

Stephanie lets out a SHRIEK and whirls around to find her mother SUSAN standing a few yards away holding a basket of leaves. Susan is cracking up with LAUGHTER.

STEPHANIE

Mother!

SUSAN

Gotcha!

Stephanie breaks into a grin and starts to advance on her mother with playful menace.

STEPHANIE

Alright, you're asking for it.

Susan holds the basket in front of her, threatening to fling the contents into Stephanie's face.

SUSAN

I'm warning you.
(backing away)
One more step.

Stephanie suddenly pounces forward and grabs for the basket. She and Susan struggle for control, whipping leaves up all around them as they SCREAM and GIGGLE.

SUSAN

Stephanie -- no!

STEPHANIE

You started it.

SUSAN

(almost crying with
laughter)
Help! Parental abuse! Somebody
call the police! I've given birth
to a monster!

They fall together into a pile of leaves and take a breather.

STEPHANIE

I'll quit if you will.

SUSAN

Truce?

STEPHANIE

(nodding)

Truce.

Susan cautiously releases her grip on the basket and gets to her feet. Stephanie immediately hops up with the basket and stalks her mother with it, CACKLING like a cartoon villain.

STEPHANIE

I had my fingers crossed!

SUSAN

(laughing but trying
to sound serious)
If you do that, you're going to
be sorry.

STEPHANIE

(smiling wickedly)
Not as sorry as you.

A car horn HONKS O.S.

Susan reacts with excitement. She does not notice the grin on Stephanie's face collapse.

SUSAN
(hurrying off)
Jerry's home.

Susan disappears around the side of the house.

STEPHANIE
(glumly)
Jerry's home. Yay.

Stephanie half-heartedly flings the contents of the basket into the air. Leaves rain down like confetti.

EXT. BLAKE HOUSE - DAY

10

A station wagon now stands on the blacktop drive. Henry Morrison in the form we last saw him, and now known as JERRY BLAKE is just stepping from the car as Susan hurries toward him.

JERRY
(smiling)
Excuse me, lady, is this the Blake residence?

SUSAN
Yes, it is.

Susan throws her arms around him. They embrace passionately, real heat between them.

SUSAN
(teasing)
We'll have to make it fast. My husband will be home any minute.

JERRY
(playfully)
I'm not afraid of him.

Jerry pretends to study her face carefully.

JERRY
I like that dirt on your nose.
Don't ever change it.

Susan instinctively reaches up to rub it off. Jerry beats her to it by kissing the smudge away. He pulls Susan tightly to him.

JERRY
(suggestively)
Is Stephanie home?

Susan is pleased by the implied sexual invitation and answers with a touch of might-have-been.

SUSAN
She's out back.

JERRY
I've got a surprise for her. It's
something no family should be without.

Jerry opens the back door of the station wagon to reveal a cardboard box.

EXT BLAKE BACK YARD - DAY

11

Stephanie is raking up leaves. Susan and Jerry come around the side of the house. Stephanie, clearly uncomfortable around Jerry, pretends to be absorbed in her work.

Jerry's eyes shine with good natured fun.

JERRY
(calling)
Hey, Stephanie, there's somebody I
want you to meet.

Stephanie looks up past Jerry and Susan. There's no one else there. When she looks back at Jerry he is holding a golden retriever puppy in his hands. Susan beams at his side.

Stephanie breaks into a look of happy surprise.

JERRY
Sorry I can't tell you his name
because he doesn't have one yet.

Jerry sets the straining puppy down. It instinctively scampers to Stephanie who plops down on the grass to cuddle it.

SUSAN
(delighted)
Names don't seem to matter.

Jerry bends down on one knee and pats the happy puppy in Stephanie's arms. Stephanie tightens visibly at Jerry's close presence.

JERRY

I had a dog when I was a kid.
He was just a mutt but to me he
was Rin Tin Tin.

STEPHANIE

Rin Tin Tin?

JERRY

(with a smile)
Before your time, I guess. Anyway,
You think we can give this little
guy a home?

STEPHANIE

Sure.

JERRY

(pleased)
That's my girl.

Stephanie stiffens at this remark. She collects the puppy in her arms and stands.

STEPHANIE

I'm going to call Karen and tell
her about the puppy.

Stephanie bounds toward the house.

SUSAN

(calling after her)
What do you say, honey?

STEPHANIE

(over her shoulder)
Thanks, Jerry!

Stephanie disappears into the house with the puppy, allowing the screen door to slam shut with a BANG.

Jerry SIGHS. He wanted it to go better.

JERRY

I've got to fix that screen door
one of these days.

Susan, sensing his disappointment, squeezes Jerry's hand sympathetically.

JERRY

I hope she doesn't think I was trying to buy her love. Maybe the puppy was a mistake.

SUSAN

Jerry, the puppy was perfect.

(giving him a kiss)

You're perfect. And in time you and Stephanie will be fine.

Jerry brightens and puts his arm around Susan's waist.

JERRY

You're right. It just takes time. And time is one thing I've got plenty of.

They walk toward the house.

INT. DOCTOR BONDURANT'S OFFICE - DAY

12

The next day. It's a psychiatrist's office, booklined but with large airy ground-floor windows for brightness.

DOCTOR ARTHUR BONDURANT, an easy-going man of about forty, watches with some amusement as Stephanie prowls tensely back and forth in front of him. He doodles absent-mindedly on his desk blotter.

BONDURANT

I feel like I'm watching a tennis match. Stephanie, why don't you come in for a landing?

STEPHANIE

(slyly)

I'll stop pacing if you'll stop doodling.

BONDURANT

You think I can't?

Stephanie gives him a challenging look. Bondurant looks down at the pen in his hand, then back at Stephanie.

BONDURANT

(with a smile)

Alright. You pace. I'll doodle and
we'll both be happy.

(slight beat)

We were talking about your father.

STEPHANIE

(sharply)

My father died a year ago.

BONDURANT

Sorry. I meant your stepfather.

STEPHANIE

If my dad hadn't died, there wouldn't
be a stepfather.

BONDURANT

You're mad at him for dying.

STEPHANIE

I'm mad at somebody.

BONDURANT

Being unable to accept your dad's death
is part of the reason you've been getting
into trouble.

STEPHANIE

I'm not in that much trouble.

Bondurant checks some papers in front of him.

BONDURANT

Suspended three times last year, twice
this year. School's barely been in
session two months.

Stephanie frowns. Her pacing leads her to the window. She
looks out.

STEPHANIE

I know what my problem is.

EXT. MIDDLE VILLAGE MEDICAL BUILDING - DAY

13

A modest broad three-story building. Jerry sits in a small
Honda at the curb, daydreaming. He glances at the building.

JERRY'S POV: Stephanie watching from a ground-floor window,
enigmatic, half in shadow.

AN ANGLE on Jerry through the sun-struck windshield (echo of steamed mirror). He wears an amiable smile, as though reacting to some fantasy in his head rather than anything he's seeing.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

Him.

INT. BONDURANT'S OFFICE - DAY

14

TWO SHOT. Stephanie continues to look out the window.

BONDURANT

Your stepfather.

STEPHANIE

If he wasn't here Mom and I would be alright.

BONDURANT

Face it. Your mother loves the guy.

STEPHANIE

She doesn't see...

EXT. MIDDLE VILLAGE MEDICAL BUILDING - DAY

15

Stephanie's POV from the window at Jerry, still dreamily, patiently smiling.

BONDURANT (O.S.)

See what Stephanie?

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

I think my time is up, isn't it?

INT. HONDA - DAY

16

After the session. Jerry and Stephanie ride side by side, a little closer and more crowded than either of them likes. Stephanie broods out the windshield. Jerry practices smiles, happy expressions. He glances brightly at Stephanie.

JERRY

How was your session?

STEPHANIE

(with a shrug)

Okay.

Stephanie, hoping to avoid further conversation, switches on the radio and dials in a rock and roll song which she secretly hopes will irritate Jerry. Instead, Jerry reaches over and -- surprise -- turns it up a little louder.

After a moment Stephanie switches it off.

STEPHANIE

I hate that song.

JERRY

Me, too.

STEPHANIE
Then why did you turn it up?

JERRY
(smiling)
Because I knew it was the last thing
you'd expect me to do.

Stephanie is slightly surprised. This guy is no dope.

JERRY
(sincerely)
Listen, sweetheart, I feel like we're
butting heads all the time. How about
we try to get along a little better?

Stephanie shrugs and stares out the window.

STEPHANIE
Sure.

Jerry knows a half-hearted response when he hears one but is
not to be undaunted. He continues, cheerfully:

JERRY
One more thing and then I'll shut up.
Your mom and I are very concerned.
It's real important to us that you
try to get along in school this
year.
(with a friendly
smile)
What do you say?

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

17

As Stephanie and another GIRL, engaged in the catfight of all
time, go crashing across one of the big tables, upsetting
paint and works in progress.

PAUL TRANIO, a good-looking sixteen-year-old tries to break
them up while the other students egg the fight on.

PAUL
(shouting)
Steph -- knock it off!

Suddenly the ART TEACHER appears, a big no-nonsense man. He
pulls the girls apart, diffusing the fight.

TEACHER

Enough!

He holds the two girls at arm's length, focusing his anger on Stephanie. Stephanie's hands are wet with green paint. She is seething with emotion.

TEACHER

(to Stephanie)

This is the last time you cause an outburst in my classroom.

PAUL

(protesting)

Stephanie didn't start it. Mister Conroy - Cathy flipped paint at her drawing.

The other girl and the Teacher shoot hostile looks at Paul.

TEACHER

When I want your opinion, Tranio, I'll ask for it.

(to Stephanie; with sadistic enjoyment)

Come on, young lady.

As the entire class looks on the Teacher leads Stephanie toward the door.

TEACHER

You couldn't get yourself into deeper trouble if you tried.

As they go out the door Stephanie impulsively raises her hand, still wet with paint and gently puts it on the unsuspecting Teacher's back, leaving a perfect green handprint.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

18

An ordinary upper middle income house. Jerry's station wagon pulls into the driveway and stops. Jerry emerges as do the Anderson family of three: FATHER, MOTHER and six year old daughter CINDY. They are a rather idealized family, a little too good to be true.

MOTHER

(approaching the house)

I love it.

JERRY

I knew you would.

FATHER

(to Cindy)

What do you think, pumpkin?

CINDY

(bored and restless)

I don't know.

JERRY

I forgot to mention one thing.
It comes with a swing set.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE BACK YARD - DAY

19

The Father and Mother talk quietly but enthusiastically together. They want the place. CAMERA PANS over to a swing set where Jerry is pushing a radiantly happy Cindy on a swing. He chats with her out of her parent's earshot.

JERRY

I've got a daughter. She's a few years older than you. Her name is Stephanie. She goes to Taft High which is where you'll be going one of these days...

(confidently)

...after your parents buy the house.
What grade are you in, Cindy?

CINDY

Third.

JERRY

(remembering fondly)

Third grade. I remember when Jill started third grade I used to walk her home from school every day.

CINDY

Who's Jill?

JERRY

My daughter.

CINDY

You said her name was Stephanie.

JERRY

Right, Stephanie.

CINDY
She goes to Oakridge High.

JERRY
That's right. She's on the student council, straight A student. She's one of the most popular girls in the whole school. I'm really proud of her.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

20

Stephanie emerges from the building as Karen hurries toward her.

KAREN
Suspended again?

STEPHANIE
Expelled.

Stephanie walks along, bedraggled and gloomy. Karen falls into step with her and they move down the sidewalk.

KAREN
Oh, Shit. What are you going to do?

STEPHANIE
Maybe boarding school.

KAREN
(excited)
Really?

STEPHANIE
I'm sure gonna try for it.

KAREN
What do you think your stepfather will do when he finds out?

STEPHANIE
(gloomy)
He's gonna kill me.

OMIT

21

EXT. BELLEVUE - DAY

22

A Seattle suburb. A battered sedan cruises the streets of Henry Morrison's old neighborhood.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

A22

AL BRENNAN, a burly middle-aged reporter, sits warily in the passenger seat alongside the driver, a stranger named JIM OGILVIE. Ogilvie is in his late twenties, unshaven, handsome, a little too tightly coiled.

The backseat is crammed with sleeping bags, clothes and cardboard boxes. This guy lives in his car.

BRENNAN

(growing uneasy)

Alright, Mister Ogilvie, what's the big mystery? You call me up and tell me you've got a great story. On top of that you say you'll buy me lunch. So far no story -- and no lunch.

Ogilvie reaches into the littered back seat, fishes around and comes up with a roughly wrapped half-finished sandwich which he hands to Brennan.

OGILVIE

You like chicken salad?

Brennan frowns.

EXT. MORRISON HOUSE - DAY

B22

Ogilvie abruptly pulls the car into the drive of the Morrison house and stops. The place is boarded up.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

C22

Brennan looks out at the house, somewhat alarmed.

BRENNAN

What are we doing here?

OGILVIE

This is the house where Henry Morrison murdered his family.

BRENNAN

(chilled)

You think I could forget it? I was here that night and I never want to see anything like it again.

Brennan looks down at his sandwich. He has lost his appetite.

OGILVIE

A friend of mine sent me your article. It caught up to me when I was still bumming around Europe.

EXT. MORRISON FRONT YARD - DAY

D22

Ogilvie gets out the of the car and regards the house. After a moment Brennan gets out on the other side.

BRENNAN

The cops never did catch the guy.

OGILVIE

The file's inactive. I think it should be reopened.

BRENNAN

Talk to the cops. I'm just a reporter.

OGILVIE

I talked to the cops. They could give a shit.

(coming around to
Brennan's side)

Listen to me a minute. Three weeks before he killed them Morrison quit his job. He didn't tell anybody. He left home every morning pretending to go to work and he came home every night at the usual time.

BRENNAN

So?

Ogilvie produces a crumpled map which he proceeds to spread out on the hood of the car.

OGILVIE

(indicating the map)

So how far could he go every day and still get home again? Here, look.

REVISED 10/11/85

18A.

INSERT. The map is of Seattle and its surrounding suburbs and towns. Ogilvie has drawn a red circle around Bellevue. Among the other towns within proximity is one called Oakridge.

E22

RETURN TO:

F22

Ogilvie and Brennan studying the map.

OGILVIE

He'd have to be somewhere within this radius. I think all that time he was setting up a new life -- somewhere close by.

BRENNAN

What makes you think he didn't take off for Tahiti or some other corner of the world?

OGILVIE

I think he's here. Anyway, I've got to start someplace.
(trace of desperation)
Christ, it's all I've got.

BRENNAN

What do you want from me?

OGILVIE

Do a follow-up story.
Run a picture of Morrison. Your paper reaches the whole area.
Maybe somebody will recognize him.
If it works, you're a hero.

BRENNAN

(suspicious)
Why's this so important to you?

OGILVIE

(darkly)
Vicki Morrison's maiden name was Ogilvie. She was my sister.

BRENNAN

(flustered)
Jeez, I'm sorry.
(thinks it over)
Okay, Ogilvie. I'll do what I can.

REVISED 10/11/85

18B.

Ogilvie nods his appreciation. They regard the house. Each man with his own thoughts and memories. A beat.

OGILVIE

This place is mine now. You want to go inside?

BRENNAN

(quietly)

Fuck no.

INT. BLAKE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

23

Same day. The family eats steak, potatoes and green beans at the table in the dinette end of a modern suburban kitchen. Stephanie is subdued for once, braced for a hurricane. Susan looks both exasperated and sorry for her daughter, while Jerry wears a frozen pained smile.

JERRY

Expelled? You're kidding.

STEPHANIE

(mumbling)

The principal said it wasn't working out.

JERRY

This is a joke, right?

STEPHANIE

(to Susan)

I'm sorry, Mom.

Jerry regards her strangely.

JERRY

(almost to himself)

Girls don't get expelled. Boys sometimes. I mean, boys will be boys...

SUSAN

Alright, it's over. The damage is done. Now what are we going to do about the future?

Stephanie hesitates, then blurts it out.

STEPHANIE

I want to go to boarding school.

Jerry stares at her with cold dead eyes which Susan doesn't see.

SUSAN

(stunned)

You want to leave home?

STEPHANIE

Just til the school year's over. I think it would be good for everybody.

SUSAN

Good for everybody? Running away is good for everybody?

STEPHANIE

It's not running away.

Stephanie takes a quick sidelong frightened glance at Jerry, is surprised by what she sees. Jerry's steak knife has been stuck into his steak, hilt straight up.

Stephanie turns back to Susan who has not noticed. When Stephanie looks back the steak knife is in Jerry's hand and he is calmly cutting his steak with it.

SUSAN

Jerry, you're being awfully quiet.

JERRY

Just thinking, honey.

(smiling at

Stephanie)

I don't think we have to break up the family, do we, Pumpkin?

(with a wink)

Father knows best.

Stephanie watches as Jerry puts a piece of steak in his mouth. It's almost as if the knife stuck in the steak was a hallucination. For the first time Stephanie's dislike of Jerry is tinged with fear.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

24

Same night. Almost total darkness. The kitchen door at the head of the stairs opens; light-spill illuminates the free-standing stairs. CAMERA POSITIONED across the basement from the stairs, with the stairs at right angles.

Light at the foot of the stairs switches ON. Now we can see an unfinished basement with storage areas, furnace, water heater, cleared area around the stairs and, on the far wall beyond the stairs, a long worktable containing tools.

Jerry comes down the stairs, brooding. He turns away from us and crosses to the worktable. CAMERA PANS slowly forward toward Jerry, who switches on a light over the table. He stands hunched in the light. SOUND of saber saw. CAMERA PANS forward to the head-height window over the worktable (which looks out on a window-well). Over Jerry's shoulder as he works, we can see his face reflected in the window. He's carrying on a silent enraged diatribe, face twisted, mouth forming angry sentences, eyes staring at his work. Some words are audible.

JERRY

Dad wants order. Order around here.

*

INT. STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

25

Drawers in the maple dresser sag open, exuding garments. The walls are almost completely covered with stapled on posters of rock stars. The bed is unmade and covered with record jackets and magazines. The room contains a vanity, its mirror almost completely obscured by snapshots and pictures cut out of magazines. Stephanie sits at the head of the bed in pajamas, talking softly on the phone. The puppy snoozes beside her. SOUND of saw faintly.

STEPHANIE

Karen, it's freaky. The way he looked at me... like he wanted to erase me off the face of the earth.

KAREN'S VOICE

(doubtful)

I'm sure.

*

STEPHANIE

Okay, don't believe me.

*

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

26

Fairly neat; a barren plain in comparison to Stephanie's disaster area. Karen too is in pajamas, sitting up in bed.

*

KAREN

So what's the verdict? Is Scary
Jerry going to let you go to
boarding school?

*

*

*

INT. STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

27

STEPHANIE

I don't know. He has this whole
fantasy thing, like we should be like
the families on TV and grin and laugh
and be having fewer cavities all the
time. It's like having Ward Cleaver
for a dad.

*

*

*

KNOCK on door.

STEPHANIE

Gotta hang. The firing squad has arrived.

*

SUSAN (O.S.)

Stephanie?

STEPHANIE

(hanging up)

It's open.

Susan comes into the room.

STEPHANIE

Where's the blindfold?

SUSAN

Blindfold?

STEPHANIE

I thought the condemned prisoner
always got a blindfold.

SUSAN

I'm glad you think this is funny.

STEPHANIE

I don't, Mom. I just don't know
what to say to you.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

28

SOUND of circular saw is much louder than the saber saw from before. Begin ECU on saw cutting through one by six. CAMERA PANS BACK to see the rough beginning of what is clearly going to be a birdhouse. We don't see Jerry's face yet. CAMERA PANS to window, where we can see his face, which is now completely calm, blank. A small happy innocent smile forms there. He begins (we can't hear it because of the saw) to whistle.

INT. STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

29

SOUND of circular saw faintly continues.

SUSAN

It tears me up that you're going
through all this pain. I want to
help you, but I can't tell if you
really mean the things you say.
Honey, you don't really want to leave
home, do you?

STEPHANIE

Yes, I do.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

30

REPRISE of first basement shot, across the way from the workbench, with the stairs midway. Jerry, finished for the night, is putting things neatly away on a pegboard up behind the workbench, beside the window.

He switches off the work area light, crosses to the stairs, goes up them more lightly and briskly than he came down. When he reaches the top, the light at the foot of the stairs goes OFF, leaving only light-spill from the open kitchen door. Jerry closes the door. Darkness.

INT. STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A30 *

Susan is holding Stephanie, rocking her gently. *

SUSAN

But why? Why would being away
from home help? *

STEPHANIE

It isn't our house anymore, it's his. *

SUSAN

Of course it's our house. It's always
been our house. *

INT. BLAKE KITCHEN - NIGHT

31

Jerry moves through, pausing to check that the back door is locked, then switching off the lights.

INT. BLAKE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

32

Jerry enters, closes the front drapes, switches off lights, exits.

INT. BLAKE STAIRWAY AND FRONT HALL - NIGHT

33

FAINT SOUND of Susan and Stephanie talking. Jerry enters, glances up at the sound, crosses to lock the front door. He looks through the doorway on the other side, switches off a light, switches off the hall light (leaving only the light at the top of the stairs) and starts up.

INT. STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

34

Stephanie and Susan have become more open with each other, facing one another, holding hands.

SUSAN

I loved your father and when he died
I thought, well, maybe that's it.
Maybe you only get one chance for
happiness. I didn't think I could ever
love anyone that much again.

*
*
*
*

STEPHANIE

I know, Mom. I miss him so bad.

*

SUSAN

Don't you see, honey? We have a second
chance with Jerry. He's a wonderful man
and he wants to care for us. Give him a
chance, huh?

*
*
*
*

STEPHANIE

I'm trying, Mom. I'm really trying
hard but there's something about him.

SUSAN

What do you mean?

Jerry suddenly appears in the doorway, smiling and easy.
Stephanie can't be sure if he heard what she said.

JERRY

I hope we're not still upset over
this school business.

SUSAN

(rising)

We were just talking about it.

JERRY

(confident)

Everything'll look better in the
morning. We'll work it out. Sweet
dreams, Stephanie.

SUSAN

Goodnight, sweetie.

STEPHANIE

Night, Mom.

(forcing herself)

Jerry.

Jerry puts his arm around Susan's waist as she comes out to
the hallway. He MURMURS something, and she LAUGHS. The door
closes. Stephanie sighs, shakes her head and pulls the puppy
close to her.

REVISED 10/15/85

25A.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A34

Jerry, wearing pajamas, sits on the bed watching TV.

*

JERRY

(calling to Susan)

Who do I get to sleep with tonight?
The Creature from the Black Lagoon?

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

B34

Susan, facing the mirror, is caught in the act of starting to apply green goop to her face. She smiles and quickly washes it off.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

C34

Susan comes out of the bathroom and joins Jerry in bed, snuggling close. He is smiling and shaking his head, watching an old rerun of "Mr. Ed".

*

JERRY

(fondly)

God, I used to love this show when
I was a kid.

(smiling)

Did you know I was in high school
before I realized horses couldn't
talk?

*
*
*
*

SUSAN

(laughing)

I'll bet you were cute back then.
I'd love to see a picture of you.

*
*

JERRY

You would, would you?

SUSAN

You hardly ever talk about your past.

JERRY

(teasing)

I didn't even exist until the day
I met you.

SUSAN

The past is important.

Jerry switches off the TV, plunging the room into semi-darkness. He pulls Susan close to him. She responds to his caresses.

JERRY

(low voice; seductive)
Try and touch the past. Try to deal
with the past. It's not real. It's
just a dream. The only reality is
us... here and now, in this moment.

Jerry kisses her deeply.

EXT. BLAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

35

WIDE SHOT. Two upstairs rooms are lit. The lights go off in one.

INT. STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

36

Stephanie, trying to read with the puppy beside her, looks up in annoyance at the SOUND of the bed in the next room, creaking slightly, rhythmically, rocking against the wall.

Stephanie, realizing what it means, grits her teeth and determinedly stares at the magazine. She strokes the puppy. It doesn't help.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

37

AN ANGLE on the bed, in use for conjugal exercise. Susan is very much into it. Jerry, though clearly pleased with himself seems slightly mechanical, automatic, essentially alone with himself.

INT. STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

38

In final frustration Stephanie picks up her Walkman, puts on the headset, turns it up louder and louder. SOUND of rock music.

EXT. SEATTLE - DAY

39

ESTABLISHING the city.

EXT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - SEATTLE - DAY

A39

CAMERA PANS DOWN the facade of a modern steel and chrome building just as reporter Al Brennan exits onto the street. Ogilvie suddenly appears and pushes the surprised Brennan up against the wall. Ogilvie angrily waves a folded newspaper at him.

OGILVIE

You didn't run his picture!
How the hell is anybody going to
identify him without the picture?

*

Brennan shoves Ogilvie back.

BRENNAN

Get your hands off me! My editor
didn't run his picture, not
me. I was lucky to get the article
in the paper at all. What do you
want from me? I just work here, I
don't make policy.

*

Ogilvie regards Brennan, his anger fading away. His body sags in defeat.

OGILVIE

I'm sorry.

BRENNAN

(straightening himself)
Just don't do it again, okay?
You almost gave me a coronary.

Ogilvie, still jittery, puts a cigarette in his mouth but has trouble lighting it.

BRENNAN

Here.

Brennan takes the lighter and ignites the cigarette. He puts the lighter back into Ogilvie's pocket.

BRENNAN

(sympathetic)
This is a job for professionals,
Ogilvie. You're just one man.
Get on with your life. Forget it.

OGILVIE

You saw what he did to them. Can
you forget it?

From the pained expression on Brennan's face it is obvious he cannot. Ogilvie turns and walks away.

REVISED 10/15/85

27.

EXT. BLAKE BACK YARD - DAY

40

Jerry is master of a portable barbecue beside a picnic table weighed down with food. Susan, at the other end of the table, sets out liquor and soft drinks and plastic cups. Stephanie and Karen lurk against the rear wall of the house, watching Jerry. Also present are FIVE COUPLES, the guests, plus their TWELVE CHILDREN, ranging from seven to fifteen. The youngest kids are playing with the puppy.

AN ANGLE on Jerry who, while distributing food, relates a joke to several guests.

JERRY

Old man comes to see the doctor.
"Doc, I can't piss anymore."
Doctor says, "How old are you?"
"I'm 92, Doc." "92? You've
pissed enough."

*
*
*
*
*

The guests LAUGH appreciably. A FIRST GUEST, munching on a burger, prods Jerry.

JOE

Jerry, this is your shindig. Speech!

Several others encourage him. Everyone turns to Jerry.

VARIOUS ANGLES on Jerry, the happy guests, Susan, Stephanie and Karen, during Jerry's speech. Stephanie is the only sour note.

JERRY

(humble)

I don't know what to say.

*

FRANK

That'll be the day!

LAUGHTER.

JOE

Come on, Jerry. You could sell ice
cubes to Eskimos.

Jerry breaks into a broad smile.

JERRY

Okay, you asked for it.

Jerry hops up on a picnic bench.

JERRY

I guess you all know why I invited you here today. It's because when I started at American Eagle Realty a year ago you were the first five families I sold houses to.

JOE

Yeah, Jerry, I've been meaning to talk to you about my garage door.

JERRY

It would still work, Joe, if you hadn't backed your car into it.

LAUGHTER.

JERRY

(cont'd.)

We met doing business and we stayed to become friends. So even though I'm arguing against a commission here, don't sell those houses of yours. I like being your neighbour.

This gets a round of APPLAUSE. Someone snaps a picture.

JERRY

(reacting)

Hold it. Let me get a picture with my family. Susan? Stephanie?

AN ANGLE on Susan, embarrassed, but coming smiling forward, bringing Stephanie along with a hand on the elbow. Guests laugh and reassure Stephanie, mistaking her distance for shyness. WIDE ANGLE as Susan -- and less willingly -- Stephanie are induced to climb up on a bench with Jerry, who puts an arm around each and smiles out at his guests, two or three of whom snap pictures.

JERRY

This is as good as it gets.

AN ANGLE on Karen, watching, troubled, as the guests call out for different poses.

WIDE ANGLE, including everybody.

JERRY

I hope you don't think what I'm going to say is pretentious. I sell houses. It's my job. But sometimes I think it's more than that. Sometimes I truly believe what I'm selling is... the American Dream!

The guests love him and applaud him. Jerry releases Susan and Stephanie to gesture for silence. Susan stays with him but Stephanie at once jumps off the bench and sidles away. Jerry glances after her, his expression troubled for just a second; then he returns to the group.

JERRY

You can call me sentimental, I don't care. When I came here I was a stranger. But now I feel like I've lived here all my life. I've made wonderful friends, I've got a wonderful new family...

He can't go on. He's really and truly choked up. Susan embraces him and kisses him. All the guests press forward to shake his hand and pat his shoulder and tell him he's terrific.

AN ANGLE on Karen as Stephanie joins her. Stephanie is furious at having been put on display.

STEPHANIE

Can you believe that phony?

Karen is more aware of the ambiguity, and troubled by it.

KAREN

Steph, he's a phony... but he means it.

The two girls turn to look at Jerry.

WIDE ANGLE as Jerry and Susan come down off the bench, Jerry starts distributing food, Susan drink.

AN ANGLE on Jerry and a GUEST, receiving food, pauses to grin and wink suggestively.

FRANK

She's some hot little number, Jer.

JERRY

Who?

FRANK

Who? Get your eyes examined. That kid of yours.

JERRY

(quiet anger)

I really don't appreciate that, Frank.

The guest moves off. Jerry, troubled, looks around for Stephanie.

JERRY'S POV: Stephanie and Karen, both frowning, off to one side of the group. Stephanie looks toward Jerry, then turns her back, saying something to Karen.

AN ANGLE on Jerry, thinking things over, disliking the idea. He's interrupted by another hungry guest.

TIME LAPSE. WIDE ANGLE. Twilight. The picnic has segregated itself by sex and age. Jerry moves around among the guests, being the perfect host. The men sit at the picnic table, drinking beer or red wine. The women are in a cluster of tube-and-webbing lawn chairs closer to the house. The kids play nearby.

HERB (V.O.)

Hand me the sports section. I want to see how the Seahawks did.

FRANK (V.O.)

Will you look at this? They'll print anything to make a buck.

AN ANGLE on the men at the table as Jerry joins them. Stephanie is at the other end of the table, gathering up used paper plates, moving in this direction. A folded newspaper is on the table, and a disgusted guest is poking at it, speaking.

HERB

...just simple sensationalism, that's all.

JERRY

What's that, Herb?

FRANK

(explaining to Jerry)

It's that fella over in Bellevue, killed his family. Cut them up with knives.

JERRY

I don't think I know about that.

FRANK

Happened last year.

Jerry picks up the paper, studies the story.

HERB

That's what I'm talking about. The thing's over a year old and here they are raking it up again.

Stephanie hovers on the fringe of the discussion, eavesdropping.
Jerry appears to be greatly affected by what he reads.

JERRY

This is terrible.

FRANK

You okay, Jerry?

Jerry lowers the newspaper out of frame. He is doing something with it as he speaks but we don't see what.

JERRY

This kind of thing really gets to me.
That a man could be driven to do a
thing like this to his own family,
to his children -- I don't even want to
know about it.

JOE

Makes you wonder, though. What does
it take to make a guy turn his family
into Gainesburgers?

Someone LAUGHS and Jerry's reply is almost lost.

JERRY

(to himself)

Maybe they disappointed him.

Jerry looks up and accidentally locks eyes with Stephanie who
is the only one who heard him. Stephanie averts her eyes and
starts collecting dirty dishes. Jerry breaks into a good-
natured grin.

JERRY

Hey, I thought this was a party.

Jerry lifts the newspaper which he has folded into a paper hat.
He puts the hat on the head of a delighted six year old boy.
The guests laugh.

Stephanie moves toward the house, carrying dishes, unnerved
by Jerry's revelation. Susan calls to her from nearby.

SUSAN

Stephanie, go down and bring up the
ice cream, would you?

STEPHANIE

Okay.

REVISED 9/24/85

31A.

She moves off toward the house.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

41

REPRISE of the first basement shot, with the workbench in the b.g. and the stairs in the middle distance at right angles to us. Stephanie comes down the stairs, not turning on any lights -- dim daylight comes through the narrow windows -- and turns toward us.

AN ANGLE to include Stephanie and her destination: a storage room with shoulder-height wooden walls, chicken wire above, directly opposite the workbench. No door. She enters.

AN ANGLE to show the interior of the storage room, with a low wide freezer, which Stephanie opens and removes two large ice cream cartons from. She closes the freezer, turns, and stops at the SOUND of footsteps coming downstairs.

AN ANGLE over Stephanie's shoulder toward the stairs as Jerry comes down, very agitated. At the bottom he stops a moment, seemingly uncertain where to go. His arms wave, he seems to be talking to himself. He turns, hurries over to the workbench.

AN ANGLE on Stephanie, wide-eyed, watching.

AN ANGLE on Jerry, in profile, leaning straight-armed on the workbench, head down, whole body strained, mouth working. CAMERA PANS IN as he lifts his head, stares in agony at his reflection in the window. CAMERA PANS to over-the-shoulder shot, Jerry staring at his reflection, mouthing and mumbling, stabbing a screwdriver into the worktable top.

JERRY

All we want is a little order around here.

(increasingly
distorted)

All we want is... a little order... here. It's over and done.

(snarling)

All we want is a little order around
heeeerrrrre!

In the window, in b.g., Stephanie appears, 'ice cream clutched in her folded arms. Staring at Jerry's back, she sidles toward the stairs. Jerry at first doesn't see her, keeps mumbling. Then his eyes shift focus, and he sees her, which she knows. They both freeze. BEAT. Jerry's face alters down from strain through blankness to a friendly smile. He turns.

WIDE TWO SHOT, emphasizing the distance between them.

JERRY

Hi, honey. Oh, the ice cream!

Stephanie, scared, inches toward the stairs. Jerry takes a friendly step forward, and she stops. So does he.

STEPHANIE

Mom wanted it. She's waiting for me.

Jerry feels the need for explanation, struggles to find one.

JERRY

Honey, you know how it is, when you're a salesman, smile at everybody all the time. Sometimes I just gotta get off by myself, let off steam.

STEPHANIE

(edging toward the stairs)

Uh huh.

JERRY

You know how it is.

STEPHANIE

Sure. I gotta get back or Mom'll wonder where I am.

Stephanie dashes to the stairs, hurries up them.

EXT. BLAKE BACK YARD - NIGHT

42

The party's over, though some rubble remains. Stephanie stands there, troubled and confused. Her eyes focus on the abandoned newspaper hat lying on a lawn chair. Stephanie goes over and picks it up, carefully unfolding it.

INSET: The unfolded paper, a two column head on an unimportant story with Jim Ogilvie's byline and the headline:

SLAYER OF FAMILY
STILL SOUGHT

INT. STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

43

PULL BACK from the close-up of the newspaper article that Karen now holds in her hands. Stephanie is nearby handwriting a letter. Karen seems dubious.

KAREN

Steph, things like this don't happen.

STEPHANIE

(gestures at article)

It happened to them.

KAREN

Let me see if I follow your thinking.
A man murdered his family. You hate
Jerry. Therefore Jerry is the man
who murdered his family.

(facetious)

Yep. That all adds up.

STEPHANIE

(frowning)

Karen, maybe Jerry isn't the guy but
you don't know him like I do. You
didn't see him down in the basement.
And I did some checking. Guess when
Jerry showed up in town and met my
Mom?

(indicating the
newspaper article)

Right after this.

KAREN

So what are you going to do, Nancy Drew?

STEPHANIE

Get a picture of this Henry Morrison
from the Seattle Examiner.

(folding the letter)

I told them I was doing a social studies
project on mass murders.

KAREN

(shaking her head)

Off the deep end.

INT. OGILVIE'S CAR - DAY

44

Parked in a lot near the Bellevue Police Headquarters. Workers
on their way to the building peer at Ogilvie who is sound
asleep behind the wheel. Someone TAPS loudly on the window.
Ogilvie is jolted awake.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A44

A bleary-eyed Ogilvie stumbles out of the car to confront
JACK WALL, a neatly dressed no-nonsense man in his mid-thirties.

WALL

I take it you're the guy who called
me? Ogilvie?

Ogilvie nods, still a little sleepy.

WALL

I'm Lt. Wall.

(unamused)

You're in my parking space.

OGILVIE

(slight smile)

I figured this way you'd have to talk to me about Henry Morrison.

WALL

I guess you have a right to know. For one thing, Morrison isn't his real name.

*
*

OGILVIE

What is it?

WALL

God knows. We don't. His personal history was falsified and his prints were untraceable. We talked to a criminal psychologist who proposed a possibility you might be interested in. He said it was possible that Morrison had done it before. Married into an existing family, then something upset his world and he wiped them out. There was no hard evidence to support this, mind you. Just Morrison's psychological profile. You knew him. What do you think?

OGILVIE

I think it's better than a possibility. What are you doing about it?

WALL

At the moment, nothing. We don't have a single lead. The guy is smart. We won't have anything to go on until he does it again.

OGILVIE

(shocked)

You're going to wait until he gets himself another family and butchers them?

WALL

You're not hearing me. We've got nothing. Zilch.

Ogilvie tries to calm down.

OGILVIE

Tell me something, Lieutenant, if you were me, what would you do?

WALL

Just between the two of us?
(thinks it over)
I'd get a gun and blow the sonovabitch away.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

B44

CAMERA IS CLOSE on Ogilvie's intense face as he lifts a gun and fires at a paper target.

INT. DOCTOR BONDURANT'S OFFICE - DAY

45

Stephanie is seated across from Bondurant. Though they are more at ease with each other Stephanie still has reservations.

STEPHANIE

(suspicious)

My mom says you only charge half your regular fee to see me. How can you do that?

BONDURANT

(with a smile)

My three o'clock patient is a schizophrenic so I charge him double. It all works out. Besides, I like seeing you.

Stephanie blushes, realizing he means it. She covers with a joke.

STEPHANIE

Doctor Bondurant, I think maybe you need a psychiatrist.

BONDURANT

I see one every day.

STEPHANIE

Really?

BONDURANT

(nodding)

My wife's a psychiatrist, too, and according to her diagnosis, I'm beyond help. Now... you were going to tell me your idea.

STEPHANIE

(hesitates;

then plunges in)

I want to go to boarding school.

(hurrying on)

Don't say it's running away.

BONDURANT

What's wrong with running away?

STEPHANIE

It's just that -- what?

BONDURANT

Sometimes running away is the best thing to do. Gives everybody a little breathing room, right?

STEPHANIE

(encouraged)

Right.

BONDURANT

What do your folks say?

STEPHANIE

Well, I think I could talk my mom into it.

BONDURANT

What about --

(parodying her)

-- him?

STEPHANIE

He's got this thing about breaking up the family. If you saw him you would have said "Commit this man."

BONDURANT

(with a laugh)

Well, you probably are driving him crazy to a certain extent. Why don't I have a talk with him?

STEPHANIE

(surprised)
Would you?

BONDURANT

Sure.

STEPHANIE

(grateful)
If you could be on my side...

BONDURANT

I am on your side. I'll call your
father -- sorry. I'll give him a
call.

They smile at each other, in harmony.

EXT. BLAKE HOUSE - DAY

46

Jerry's car pulls to a stop in front of the garage. Jerry gets out and crosses the front door.

AN ANGLE on Jerry getting the mail out of the mailbox. He leafs through magazines and envelopes and a large manila envelope.

INSERT: The large manila envelope. Addressed to Stephanie.
CAMERA MOVES IN TO ECU on the return address: Seattle Examiner, Seattle, Wash.

A46

RETURN TO:

B46

Jerry freezes for a moment, his mind racing. The envelope isn't sealed, just shut with metal tabs. He opens the flap and reaches in like he was reaching into a bag for a snake.

Over Jerry's shoulder we see the photo of Henry Morrison slowly appear.

AN ANGLE on Jerry, his eyes widening with panic as he stares at his former self. Over his shoulder we see Stephanie arriving in the b.g. on her bike.

ANGLE ON STEPHANIE. She hops off her bike and sees Jerry on the porch, his back turned away. She's a bit apprehensive to see Jerry with the mail.

STEPHANIE
You're home awful early.

Jerry slowly turns around. He's smiling his easy happy-go-lucky smile.

JERRY
Hi there. Ran out of appointments.

STEPHANIE
(tries to be casual)
Anything for me?

JERRY
(after a moment)
As a matter of fact, something did
come for you.

He makes no move to give it to her.

STEPHANIE
(trying to keep cool)
Can I have it?

JERRY
(mysterious)
I don't know.

Stephanie finds a chill creeping up her spine.

STEPHANIE
What do you mean?

JERRY
I don't know if it's the kind of
thing you should be looking at.
(a beat)
It's the kind of thing that might
give a girl the wrong idea.

Stephanie is on the verge of running when Jerry suddenly
CHUCKLES.

JERRY
I'm just teasing, hon. Here you
go.
He puts something in her hand and enters the house with the
rest of the mail. Stephanie looks down. He has given her
a copy of Cosmopolitan.

INT. STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

C46

Stephanie romps with her puppy on the messy floor of her room. For the moment all her troubles are forgotten.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

D46

Susan, humming happily to herself, fixes evening dinner.

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

47

Jerry is pacing back and forth in front of his workbench, his agitated face reflected in the window. In his hand he clutches the envelope containing the photo of Morrison. Jerry is mumbling, as if carrying on a debate with himself. He seems on the verge of going upstairs and wiping Stephanie and Susan out.

Jerry turns to the workbench, his attention drawn to a snapshot he has thumbtacked to the wall.

INSERT. It's a shot of Jerry with his arms around Susan and Stephanie taken at the barbecue. They are frozen in time, a portrait of the All-American family.

A47

RETURN TO: Jerry takes the snapshot off the wall and studies it carefully. Then he hurls it down on top of the Morrison envelope and picks up a screwdriver. He wields it like a knife, testing the way it feels in his hand.

B47

After a moment he discards the screwdriver and grabs a wicked looking claw hammer. The hammer seems to be the better tool for the job to be done.

Suddenly, as if coming from another dimension, Susan's musical voice carries down from upstairs.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Jerry!

Jerry cocks his head as if the voice is not instantly recognized.

JERRY

(tentative)

Yes?

SUSAN (O.S.)

Dinner in ten minutes!

The words register somewhere within him, their innocence and normality have a radical effect on him. Jerry suddenly looks down at the hammer in his hand, almost terrified of it.

JERRY
(to himself)
What am I doing?

Jerry drops the hammer on the cement floor. He takes the family snapshot and carefully pins it back on the wall, making sure it's straight.

ANGLE ON Jerry's reflection in the window. His face is now composed, completely normal, exuding confidence.

JERRY
We'll work it out.

A phone RINGS upstairs.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

48

Susan on the phone.

SUSAN
Oh, hello, Doctor Bondurant. Jerry?
I'm sure he'd like that.

Susan, carrying the phone receiver on its long cord, crosses to the cellar doorway.

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

49

Jerry has slid the manila envelope into a drawer of the worktable.

SUSAN (O.S.)
Jerry? It's Dr. Bondurant.

AN ANGLE to include both Jerry at the foot of the stairs and Susan at the top, with the phone receiver held out.

JERRY
(wary)
What does he want?

SUSAN
He'd like you to come in for a talk.

INT. BONDURANT'S OFFICE - EVENING

50

Bondurant frowns, listening to the phone.

JERRY (V.O.)
(faint but understandable)
Tell him I'm not here!

SUSAN (V.O.)
Jerry, why don't you --

JERRY (V.O.)
Tell him I'm out and if he calls back
tell him I'm still out.

Bondurant listens with interest. When Susan comes back on she is awkward.

SUSAN (V.O.)
I'm sorry but Jerry isn't available
right now.

BONDURANT
I see.

SUSAN (V.O.)
I could, uh... I could have him call
you back.

BONDURANT
That would be fine. Thank you.

Bondurant hangs up. He sits frowning at the phone, thinking.

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

51

Jerry is standing over the birdhouse as Susan comes down the stairs looking troubled.

SUSAN
Jerry, why don't you want to see
Dr. Bondurant?

JERRY
Think about it. How is he going to
build up trust with Stephanie when
he keeps running to report to us
all the time?

SUSAN
He wants to talk to you about this
possibility of boarding school. It's
important, Jerry. You have to see him.

JERRY

Have to see him?

Susan looks at Jerry and breaks into a smile of realisation.

SUSAN

Why, Jerry Blake... I think you're
afraid to see a psychiatrist.

JERRY

(blushing)

Don't be silly.

SUSAN

(teasing)

Have you got something to hide?

In Jerry's frame of mind this remark could make him explode into violence. Instead he smiles and LAUGHS good-naturedly at himself. Jerry puts a loving arm around Susan and gives her a pretend tap on the chin.

JERRY

(like Jackie Gleason)

One of these days, Alice. Pow.
Zoom. Right to the moon.

EXT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

52

ESTABLISHING SHOT. CAMERA PANS to see Jerry looking, studying the window display. He carries the manila envelope. In the window are examples of the photographer's work.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

53

The next day. Jerry parks across the street from school. The students are all just getting out. Jerry moves upstream through them and enters the school.

OMIT

54

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

55

Behind a desk sits the principal, MRS. LEITNER, a handsome woman in her mid-forties. Jerry sits across the desk from Mrs. Leitner.

MRS. LEITNER

I'm sorry, Mister Blake, but it's a lost cause.

JERRY

(sincere)

I'm sort of a believer in lost causes, Mrs. Leitner. Sometimes I think they're the only ones worth fighting for. Besides, I don't think a child is ever a lost cause.

MRS. LEITNER

(he's put her
on the defensive)

I didn't mean to imply that Stephanie was a lost cause...

JERRY

Of course not.

(a beat;
suddenly troubled)

Mrs. Leitner, Stephanie wants to go away to boarding school.

MRS. LEITNER

Under the circumstances I think that might be a good idea.

JERRY

I think it's the easy way out.

Mrs. Leitner is slightly taken aback but at the same time impressed by the man's complete candor.

JERRY

It's sort of the modern approach to all problems, isn't it? Don't face it, sweep it all under the rug, maybe it'll go away. We don't do it that way in my family.

MRS. LEITNER

What are you suggesting?

JERRY
You're aware that Stephanie's real
father passed away.

MRS. LEITNER
(nodding)
Some time ago.

JERRY
She'd probably be over it by now
if it weren't for me.

MRS. LEITNER
I don't understand.

JERRY
I tried too hard. I was making her
choose between her real father and
me. I think Stephanie is basically
a good kid, don't you?

MRS. LEITNER
Personally I've always liked Stephanie
but her recent behavior --

JERRY
-- was my fault. Things are going to
be a lot different from now on. I let
Stephanie down. I think enough people
have let Stephanie down.

A pause. Mrs. Leitner chooses her words carefully.

MRS. LEITNER
Mister Blake, I sometimes forget that
when you look at a child you have to
look at the parent, too. I think
Stephanie is very lucky to have someone
who's willing to fight for her at home.

Jerry gives her a humble smile. He knows he's won.

JERRY
And I think she's lucky to have
someone to fight for her here.

INT. BONDURANT'S OFFICE - DAY

56

The next day. Bondurant watches Stephanie who is back to her
old pacing.

STEPHANIE

(a hopeless sigh)
Okay, I guess I have to face it.
Jerry Blake is the most wonderful
man in the world. Now even Karen
thinks he's a great guy.

BONDURANT

He got you back into school, didn't he?

STEPHANIE

You know why, don't you? To get out
of seeing you.

BONDURANT

(gently)
Did it ever occur to you that maybe
it isn't the rest of the world that's
wrong?

STEPHANIE

I've told you how phony he is. And
how he acts down in the basement,
making faces at himself.

BONDURANT

Oh, come on.

STEPHANIE

It's true. And why did he freak out
and absolutely refuse to come see you?

BONDURANT

(trying to laugh it off)
Because he's worried about my eagle eye?

Stephanie nods. She lowers all her defenses and gives him
the terrible truth.

STEPHANIE

(quietly)
It's more than that. He scares me,
Dr. Bondurant. I'm afraid of him.

Bondurant looks at her, thinking hard.

INT. AMERICAN EAGLE REALTY - DAY

57

The same day. The real estate firm where Jerry works. A
shopping center corner storefront, with lots of windows. A
dozen desks are placed around the main interior room, with a
RECEPTIONIST at the front desk and four EMPLOYEES either
typing or using the phone at various desks.

Jerry is at a desk in the middle of the room, making notations on a group of 3 x 5 cards.

RECEPTIONIST

Jerry? A call for you on three.

JERRY

Thanks, hon.

(into phone)

Jerry Blake here -- Which house was that? -- ? Yes,

sir, I'd be happy to show you that.

(making note on pad)

Mister Martin. Yes, sir, four o'clock will be fine.

INT. BONDURANT'S OFFICE - DAY

58

Bondurant on phone.

BONDURANT

Fine. I'll see you then.

He hangs up, sits considering what he's doing.

EXT. STEPHANIE'S BLOCK - DAY

59

The same day. Stephanie and Paul are walking homeward from school.

PAUL

You coming back to art class?

STEPHANIE

They put me in typing instead.

PAUL

What a waste. You've got a lot of artistic talent.

STEPHANIE

Get out of here.

PAUL

I mean it. You could have a big future in shirt designing.

(smiling)

I really liked what you did to Mister Conroy's -- that green handprint was great. If I buy the paint will you do my shirt?

STEPHANIE

(laughing)

No -- but I might do your face.

Paul drops his books on the ground.

PAUL

(sticking his
chin out)

Take you best shot, Maine.

Stephanie drops her books and they start play-boxing, dancing around each other, throwing phony jabs.

STEPHANIE

(imitating a
boxing announcer)

Maine throws a jab, crosses and hooks.

PAUL

(playing along)

Baker steps in and delivers a crushing blow to the jaw.

STEPHANIE

Maine pounds away at his midsection.

PAUL

Baker gets her in a clinch against the ropes.

They stop, suddenly aware that they are practically embracing. They awkwardly step apart. They collect their books, grateful for something to do.

PAUL

You going to the pep rally next week?

STEPHANIE

I don't know. Maybe.

PAUL

(backing away)

Well, maybe I'll see you there.

They wave goodbye and Paul takes off down the street.

EXT. BLAKE HOUSE - DAY

60

AN ANGLE to include the mailbox in f.g. Stephanie approaching, a dreamy smile on her face. Stephanie absentmindedly opens the mailbox and reacts with a start when she sees the large manila envelope.

*
*
*

INT. STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

61

Stephanie bursts in with the envelope, shuts the door, leans against it, takes a second to catch her breath, then opens the envelope and slowly draws out the picture.

Over Stephanie's shoulder (echoing the similar shot with Jerry) we see a photo appear, top of the head first. It isn't Jerry, it's somebody we've never seen before.

AN ANGLE on Stephanie, staring in disbelief. She turns the photo over.

INSERT back of fake Morrison photo, where a xerox of a false Henry Morrison description is typed.

A61

PREVIOUS SHOT. Stephanie, brought down, crosses to the bed, hands trailing, envelope in one and photo in the other. She sits on the bed, frowns.

B61

Karen appears in the doorway.

INT. BONDURANT'S CAR - DAY

62

Bondurant turns onto a pleasant residential street. Through the windshield we see the house, a two story colonial with an American Eagle Realty sign on the lawn.

Jerry Blake stands in the doorway in silhouette, an ominous sentinel.

Bondurant pulls into the drive and cuts the engine, noticing that his clammy hands have left sweat stains on the steering wheel. Smiling at his own uneasiness, Bondurant wipes his hands on his pants leg.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

A62

Jerry bounds down the stairs wearing a friendly smile as Bondurant steps out of his car.

JERRY
(extending his hand)
Hi. Jerry Blake.

Bondurant shakes Jerry's hand, affecting a confident breezy manner.

BONDURANT
Ray Martin.
(looking at
the house)
The ad didn't do this place justice.

JERRY
Wait til you see the inside.

They go up the walk and toward the front door which stands open.

OMIT

63

INT. VACANT HOUSE - DAY

64

Bondurant and Jerry enter the spacious but empty living room. Pink sheets of heavy mover's paper cover most of the floor.

JERRY
What do you think?

BONDURANT
It's great.

JERRY
Plenty of room for kids. Are you
a family man, Ray?

BONDURANT
(shaking his head)
Confirmed bachelor. How about you,
Jerry?

JERRY
I'm happily married -- wouldn't
trade it for the world.

Bondurant moves around the room, pretending to study the floor and ceiling, touching the walls.

BONDURANT
I don't know. I guess it works
for some guys.

JERRY
What's that?

BONDURANT
Oh, you know. The family, home sweet
home.
(with a yawn)
All that crap.

Bondurant disappears into the next room allowing his comment to sink in. Jerry stands in the center of the living room. He looks like he's been slapped across the face.

INT. VACANT HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Bondurant pretends to be busily examining the dining room as Jerry rejoins him. Jerry's easy-going smile has become a little tense. His instincts tell him there's something not right about this guy.

JERRY
What line of work are you in, Ray?
If you don't mind my asking.

BONDURANT
Certainly not. I'm in stress management.

JERRY
That sounds complicated.

BONDURANT
I try to find ways for employers and
employees to get along with less
friction. I ask questions, they give
me answers. For instance, "How do you
sleep at night?"
(turning to Jerry;
friendly smile)
How do you sleep at night, Jerry?

JERRY
(playing along)
I sleep like a baby.

BONDURANT
See? That's interesting because I'd
think there'd be a lot of stress in
your line of work.

JERRY
(with a shrug)
I guess there's degrees of stress in
every line of work, Ray. It just
depends on how you handle it.

Bondurant crosses to the window and looks out.

BONDURANT
Which way am I facing?

Jerry studies the back of Bondurant's head before answering.

JERRY
North.

INT. STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

66

Karen, holding the photo, watches Stephanie sit gloomily on
the bed.

STEPHANIE
I was so sure.

KAREN
You act like you're disappointed he
didn't turn out to be Jack the Ripper.

STEPHANIE
(awed and ashamed)
I was wrong, Karen. Totally wrong.

INT. VACANT HOUSE - DAY

67

Jerry and Bondurant in the master bedroom.

JERRY
(indicating through
the window)
Big back yard for kids to play in.
(slight beat)
A house like this should really have
a family in it.

BONDURANT
(with a chuckle)
You mean you won't sell it to me
because I don't have one?

JERRY

(grinning)
Well, I didn't say that...

BONDURANT

You really are a cheerleader for the
old traditional values, aren't you,
Jerry?

JERRY

Tradition is important.

BONDURANT

Sounds like you had a strict upbringing.

JERRY

You could say that.
(slight beat)
Let me ask you a question.

BONDURANT

Sure.

JERRY

(smiling)
Are you interested in buying a house
or in me?

BONDURANT

(slightly unnerved)
Sorry. Force of habit. My wife gets
on me for that all the time.

JERRY

I thought you were a bachelor.

BONDURANT

Recently divorced.

JERRY

I see.

Jerry crosses to the closet and opens the door.

BONDURANT

(trying to cover
with a laugh)
Sometimes I forget I'm not married
anymore.

JERRY

It's probably just... stress.
(reaching into closet)
I thought I remembered this.

REVISED 10/15/85

51A.

Jerry takes a three foot length of 2 x 4 from the closet. Bondurant watches, frowning. Jerry turns, with his most amiable smile, and suddenly swings the 2 x 4 at Bondurant's head. Bondurant throws his arms up, but Jerry swings again and again, beating through Bondurant's defenses.

BONDURANT

Jesus! What are you --

Bondurant is driven into a corner. A hit to the head drives him to his knees. Jerry stands over him.

JERRY

Who are you? How'd you get on to me?

BONDURANT

(muddled; groggy)

My God. Who are you?

JERRY

You're no cop. Private detective?

BONDURANT

I'm... looking... for... a house.

JERRY

Well, I don't think this one is right for you. I think you'd be more comfortable somewhere else. This house is for a family. You know, the family. Home sweet home. All that crap!

Rage has finally broken through the smile. Losing control, Jerry raises the 2 x 4 in both hands and beats Bondurant down to the floor, over and over, then stands gasping over him.

Bondurant lies unmoving. Jerry drops to one knee, grabs Bondurant's jaw, realizes he's dead. He stays on one knee, getting himself under control.

JERRY

(muttered)

It's alright. A little order around here.

Yanking the body over onto its stomach, Jerry pulls Bondurant's wallet from his hip pocket, goes through the cards.

JERRY

(astonished whisper)

Bondurant. Doctor Bondurant --

He stares across the room, thinking hard, then comes to a decision. Quickly he puts the wallet back in Bondurant's pocket, places the 2 x 4 next to the body, and rolls the body in the long sheet of mover's paper, til it's an anonymous long bundle like a rug. He drags this across the room to the doorway, then goes back to look at the floor and walls, to be sure there's no sign. Satisfied, he returns to the roll and drags it from the room.

EXT. MORRISON HOUSE - DAY

68

Ogilvie's battered sedan sits in the drive.

INT. MORRISON HOUSE - DAY

A68

The furniture has been covered by sheets and the shades are drawn lending a funereal atmosphere to the place.

Ogilvie, carrying a ring of keys, comes down the stairs after visiting the bedrooms. He tries to keep his eyes from the streaks of dried brownish blood along the wall.

Ogilvie moves like a somnabulist, like a phantom. He is looking for something. Anything. Clues. Vibrations.

CAMERA FOLLOWS him into the perfect Betty Crocker kitchen toward the basement door which stands open... inviting.

INT. MORRISON BASEMENT - DAY

B68

Ogilvie flicks on the light switch. A dim bulb pops on down below in the shadowy recesses of the dank tomblike cellar.

Ogilvie slowly descends the rickety stairs into the private retreat of Henry Morrison.

ANGLE on Ogilvie as he reaches the bottom of the stairs and looks around him. His attention is drawn to Henry Morrison's worktable and tools. (It is set up exactly like Jerry Blake's.)

On the worktable is a pile of old magazines. As he stands there thinking Obilvie absentmindedly begins to look through the magazines. Time. Newsweek. Better Homes and Gardens. Another Newsweek. Health and Fitness. Time. Time. Travel and Leisure. Newsweek.

Ogilvie stops. He picks up the Travel and Leisure which is more dogeared than the rest. He starts turning the pages when he discovers a curious thing.

INSERT. We see that it skips from page 32 to page 35. A page has been neatly torn out.

C68

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

69

CLOSE ON Bondurant, dead, behind the steering wheel of his own car, as seen through the front windshield. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Jerry, reaching in through the open door, as he buckles the seatbelt around the corpse. Jerry rips off a long strand of the pink paper he wrapped the body in, then wads up the rest and shoves it into the backseat. A piece of the pink paper flutters in the breeze and blows away. Jerry ignores it.

AN ANGLE at the rear of the car as Jerry comes back, twisting the strand of paper into a long wick. He opens the gas tank, sticks the length of paper most of the way in, shakes it around, pulls it out, is satisfied with the wetness at its other end. He then reverses the paper and shoves the dry end down into the tank, leaving about an inch of damp wick showing.

*

Lighting a match, he looks at the road to be sure he's alone, then lights the wick, steps quickly to the driver's door, reaches through the open window, and moves the gearshift to Drive. He has to jump back as the car jolts forward.

*

LONG SHOT of the curve and the steep slope, Jerry invisible in the darkness. The car, with fire inside, bumps and runs down the slope and all at once explodes in a bright ball. HOLD. The flames die back.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

72

The LIBRARIAN, a frumpish woman of middle-age, sticks her key in the glass door and pulls it open. As she does, an extremely anxious Ogilvie appears, moving past her into the building.

LIBRARIAN
(flustered; calling
after him)
You can't come in yet! Sir! We
don't open for ten minutes!

Ogilvie quickly gets his bearings and heads for the periodicals section and the shelves where back issues are stacked. By the time the irate Librarian catches up to him he is already tearing through the pile of old Travel and Leisures like some kind of demented fiend.

LIBRARIAN

Sir! I'm afraid you'll have to leave!

Ogilvie ignores her yammering. He seizes the issue in question and lets the rest fall to the floor. He flips to the page that was missing from Morrison's copy.

INSERT. Color photographs of Jerry Blake's town accompany an article entitled "Suburban Living in Style -- The Ten Best Places To Live In America". Ogilvie flips the page and finds the list. He runs his finger down the list, lingering on "Rosedale, Washington".

A72

CLOSE ON OGILVIE.

B72

He has completely phased out the Librarian's yammering. His head is swimming with the possibility -- no, the probability that he has located Henry Morrison.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Ogilvie suddenly comes out of his reverie. His eyes focus on the red-faced Librarian who is threatening to call the police, the Marines, etc. Ogilvie breaks into a grin and defiantly, right in her face, tears the page out of the magazine. The Librarian is shocked speechless by this act of outrage. She SPUTTERS, trying to form words, trying to move, but cannot.

Ogilvie pockets the page, gives her a peck on the cheek and gets the hell out of there.

INT. BLAKE GARAGE - DAY

73

The usual tools and junk around the edges. The Honda is in, the station wagon out. In the station wagon's place, Stephanie has her bike upside down and is tightening spokes. She's listening to a Walkman. Her back is to the closed garage door, which now opens, lifting slowly, showing Jerry from the feet up, standing there, facing Stephanie. HOLD until the door is completely open.

CU, Jerry, expressionless, watching Stephanie.

TWO SHOT, Stephanie becoming aware of the open door, turning, removing the Walkman headset, Jerry abruptly looking concerned, moving forward.

JERRY

Sweetie, I'm sorry, I've got some bad news about Doctor Bondurant. His office just called.

STEPHANIE

What, I shouldn't go for my hour tomorrow?

JERRY

Honey, I'm sorry, it's more serious than that. There was an accident, some time last night, out by the turnpike. He lost control or something, his car went off the road and burned.

STEPHANIE

His car--? He's--?

JERRY

He's dead, Stephanie. I'm sorry.

She rears back, stunned, disbelieving.

STEPHANIE

But -- what happened?

JERRY

Nobody knows. The police say he lost control of the car, it was just one of those stupid unnecessary accidents.

Stephanie looks around, dazed.

STEPHANIE

But he -- Doctor Bondurant --

Stephanie starts to cry.

STEPHANIE

He was my friend.

Stephanie breaks down. Jerry puts his arms around her, folding her in to his chest, patting the back of her head.
BEAT.

Stephanie sobs, clinging to Jerry, who talks past her, quietly.

JERRY

I'm your friend too, honey.

(slight beat)

Doctor Bondurant was a very special man. In his own way he helped bring us together -- and nothing -- nothing -- is ever going to split us apart.

AN ANGLE close on Jerry's face. Uncomplicated; he's a happy man.

OMIT

74

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

75

Ogilvie's familiar car travels a section of hilly terrain. It slows, pulls to the shoulder and parks.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Ogilvie as he gets out and walks to a promontory that overlooks the town of Rosedale. The town, its streets and houses, spread out beneath him like a giant game board.

Ogilvie fires up a cigarette, intensely confident that his quarry is somewhere within reach.

OMIT

76

OMIT

77

EXT. BLAKE BACK YARD - DAY

78

The next day. With a posthole digger, Jerry is finishing a hole in the back yard near the house. The birdhouse, mounted atop a long two by four, lies near him on the ground. Susan and Stephanie watch. Jerry puts down the digger, picks up the birdhouse, wrestles the end of the post into the hole. Stephanie moves forward.

STEPHANIE

Can I help?

JERRY

Would you, honey? Thanks.

Stephanie holds the post steady, while Jerry gets a spade leaning against the wall of the house. The birdhouse is about a foot above Stephanie's head. She looks up at it.

JERRY

(hopeful)

Well? What's the verdict?

STEPHANIE

(after a moment)

I like it.

Infinitely pleased Jerry looks over at Susan who smiles warmly at him. Jerry couldn't be happier.

JERRY

(to Susan)

Is it straight?

Susan moves from place to place, giving Stephanie directions -- "A little to the left, back a little," etc. -- and Stephanie makes the adjustments, while Jerry waits, smiling at them both.

SUSAN

There. Perfect.

Jerry starts to shovel dirt into the hole around the post.

STEPHANIE

(hesitant)

Jerry...

JERRY

(still shovelling)

Yes?

STEPHANIE

I know I've been a lot of trouble and I'm sorry.

Jerry stops shovelling to smile at her in love and gratitude.

JERRY

Let's just say we both owe each other an apology and bury the hatchet.

STEPHANIE

(pleased)

Deal.

JERRY

When I was a kid I went through some rough times myself.

Stephanie follows Jerry's gaze to the birdhouse. After she looks away from him, his smile alters to something painful and pitiful; the shipped dog pleading for mercy.

AN ANGLE close on the birdhouse, massive, shadowed, PANNING IN on a window.

OMIT

CU, the boy, as a large hand ENTERS FRAME above him. It pauses. The boy doesn't move, doesn't change. The hand reaches down and pats the boy's head, then fondly tousles his hair. The boy looks up, grateful, the smile more and more intense.

EXT. BLAKE BACK YARD - DAY

80

Jerry pulls out of his reverie, smile returning to something normal. He grins boyishly at Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

So what happened?

JERRY

I outgrew my problems and so will you.

SUSAN

Besides, you'll be too busy juggling boyfriends.

JERRY

(surprised)
Boyfriends.

SUSAN

(playful)
You know. Boys. Girls. Dating.
He's so old-fashioned.
(teasing)
Aren't you?

Susan hugs him.

JERRY

(managing a smile;
but concerned)
Guilty as charged, your honor.
(to Stephanie)
But there's no hurry, sweetheart.
Don't grow up too fast.

STEPHANIE
(doubtful)
Okay.

JERRY
(suddenly)
Look!

Jerry points to a robin that has landed on the bird house.

JERRY
(happy)
It's like I always say. The house
sells itself.

HIGH ANGLE of the Blake backyard with the bird house in
f.g. as the family heads for the house.

EXT. BLAKE HOUSE - DAY

A80

CAMERA MOVES IN on the dining room window through which we
see the Blake family praying over Thanksgiving dinner. It
looks like a Norman Rockwell painting.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

B80

Jerry wears a sports jacket, Susan is dressed up and even
Stephanie has made an effort to look especially nice. Their
heads are bowed.

JERRY
...and most of all, Father, we
thank you for bringing us together
as a family. Amen.

STEPHANIE & SUSAN
Amen.

They all break into happy smiles of Thanksgiving excitement.

JERRY
What do you think of this turkey,
Steph?

STEPHANIE
Looks almost good enough to eat.

Jerry and Susan LAUGH. Jerry hovers over the turkey.

JERRY

What do you say we carve this bird up? Steph? Light or dark? Wait. Don't tell me. You're the drumstick type.

STEPHANIE

The two drumstick type.

Jerry starts carving away as Stephanie and Susan pass around the other dishes. Jerry pauses, in mid-saw. He looks at the two women in his life, a little choked up.

JERRY

You know something? Until this moment I never really knew what Thanksgiving was all about.

Susan and Stephanie regard each other, both touched.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

81

Stephanie leaves an undetermined location. Paul suddenly appears behind her riding a motor scooter. He BEEPS the horn and starts doing circles around her as she continues to walk.

STEPHANIE

(hiding her smile)

Well, if it isn't the Road Warrior.

PAUL

Hop on.

STEPHANIE

Looks dangerous.

PAUL

This bike is totally safe.

STEPHANIE

I meant you.

PAUL

Me? You're the one who's dangerous.

You and that mean right hook.

(taunting)

Come on...fraidy cat.

Stephanie looks at Paul who grins knowingly. It's a phrase out of their past.

STEPHANIE

That's what you said to me in third grade when you dared me to jump off the merry-go-round.

PAUL

I laughed my ass off.

STEPHANIE

I nearly broke mine.

Paul pulls the scooter up alongside her.

PAUL

Get on. If you fall off this time I promise not to laugh.

(echoing another
childhood phrase)

Cross my heart and hope to die.

STEPHANIE

Only if I get to drive.

PAUL

Wait a minute. This is a very sophisticated piece of machinery. In the hands of an amateur --

STEPHANIE

Fraidy cat.

Paul smiles. He gets off the bike and holds it for Stephanie. She swings on board and Paul gets on behind her, grateful for an opportunity to get this close and put an arm around her waist. Stephanie, too, seems to be aware and definitely enjoying it.

PAUL

(instructing)

Now just give it a little --

Stephanie goes full throttle. The scooter shoots off like an unsteady rocket down the street. Paul lets out a CRY of fear and surprise.

ON THE SCOOTER - NIGHT

PAUL

I said a little!

STEPHANIE
You want to live forever?

PAUL
I'd like to graduate.

STEPHANIE
How come you're not with the ever
popular Kathy Lombardo tonight?

PAUL
Kathy Lombardo is a stuck-up bitch.

STEPHANIE
She dumped you, huh?

PAUL
I dumped her.

Stephanie swivels her head back to regard him.

PAUL
(smiling sheepishly)
Alright, she dumped me.
(suddenly)
Hey -- watch out!

Stephanie turns her attention back to the road in time to
negotiate a tricky turn.

PAUL
(impressed)
Not bad.

STEPHANIE
We're okay now. You can stop holding
on so tight.

PAUL
Do I have to?

Stephanie thinks it over and smiles.

STEPHANIE
Not if you don't want to.

They swerve around a corner and into the night.

OMIT

EXT. BLAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

84

Lights show in some windows and the fixture over the front door is brightly lit. Stephanie and Paul park the scooter at the curb. They awkwardly walk up to the door and stand there, a few feet from each other, neither one quite knowing what to say. They are both extremely nervous.

PAUL

(finally)

Thanks for the ride.

STEPHANIE

(reminding him)

It's your bike.

PAUL

(realising;
embarrassed LAUGH)

Right.

(a long pause)

Well... good night.

STEPHANIE

Good night.

Neither one of them moves. Another long pause as they both rack their brains for words... sentences... anything.

PAUL

(finally)

Guess I'll see you at school.

STEPHANIE

Guess so.

Followed by another silence. Somewhere, distantly, a dog BARKS.

PAUL

(the only thing he
can think of)

That's the Miller's dog.

Stephanie nods in agreement. Paul winces, thinking "what a stupid thing to say".

PAUL

Anyway... good night.

STEPHANIE

(nodding)

Night.

Instead of leaving Paul takes a nervous step toward Stephanie but not all the way. Stephanie, looking down, unable to meet Paul's eyes, takes a step and closes the gap between them.

They stand there like a couple of idiots. Finally Paul reaches out and touches her arm, drawing her closer. They kiss tentatively, lingeringly. At the end their arms are around one another and they are comfortably smiling into each other's faces. They've gotten over the first hurdle.

They kiss again, more steamily, Paul pressing her back against the house, until suddenly the door bursts open and Jerry is standing there beside them, wide-eyed, enraged. The doorway behind him is mostly dark.

JERRY

Back!

Paul, astonished, steps back from Stephanie, who stares at Jerry in fear and repugnance. Trembling with rage, Jerry points a finger at Paul.

JERRY

You could go to jail!

PAUL

(unbelieving)

What?

JERRY

This girl is sixteen years old!

PAUL

So am I.

Susan appears in the doorway, startled and confused.

SUSAN

Jerry? What's wrong?

JERRY

That punk was trying to rape our daughter.

PAUL

(how-did-I-get-into
this)

I just kissed her good night!

SUSAN

Stephanie, what's going--

Jerry reaches for Paul, as though to grab his jacket lapels and shake him, but Stephanie steps between them, trembling and scared and humiliated and furious. She glares at Jerry, speaks to Paul.

STEPHANIE

Go home, Paul.

Paul hesitates, not feeling guilty.

PAUL

Steph, are you sure?

STEPHANIE

Go home! We'll talk tomorrow.

Paul backs away and leaves at a fast walk.

SUSAN

Will somebody please tell me what this is all about?

STEPHANIE

He kissed me good night! I wanted him to! Mom, I like Paul!

SUSAN

Of course you do. Jerry, I don't think --

JERRY

(raging)

She isn't ready for this. She's a child!

STEPHANIE

I'm not a child! Just because you're all crazy and demented and hung up --

SUSAN

(abrupt anger at Stephanie)

Stephanie, don't talk like that to your father, that isn't going to --

STEPHANIE

He isn't my father! He isn't anybody's father! He's a crazy creep, and how can you bear to let him even touch you, how can you --

Susan, angry and shocked and desperately wanting to stop this flow of words, suddenly slaps Stephanie's face.

SUSAN

Stop! He's your father now and
and respect him!

Stephanie, ultimately betrayed, stares at Susan, then spins around and runs off into the darkness. Susan, already regretting the slap but still angry, calls after her.

SUSAN

Stephanie! Come back!

JERRY

(pinched, cold)

Let her go, Susan. When she calms
down she'll come back.

Susan turns on Jerry, her anger spilling out now in his direction.

SUSAN

And what were you thinking of, to
make such a big stupid scene?

JERRY

(surprised and annoyed)

That boy was --

SUSAN

That boy is Paul Tranio. Jerry,
I've known him longer than I've
known you!

Jerry stiffens, alert, cold, suspicious.

JERRY

Meaning what?

SUSAN

(trying to be calmer)

Meaning that all the progress we've
made with Stephanie has been thrown
away. Thrown away, Jerry.

(calm, sincere,
unshakeable)

By you.

Jerry's about to speak, but then stops, looks at Susan, turns away.

WIDE SHOT, as Jerry goes down the walk to the sidewalk and looks off in the direction Stephanie took. Then he looks back at Susan.

AN ANGLE on Susan, calm but angry, looking at Jerry, realizing she slapped her daughter because of a scene Jerry created. She turns and enters the house.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

85

The one we saw in the credit sequence. Stephanie walks through it, reaches the flat turntable merry-go-round, and sits on it. Distractedly, she pushes off with one dangling foot, and the turntable moves. She pushes again. The turntable slowly makes a circle, Stephanie seated slumped on it.

EXT. BLAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

86

WIDE SHOT, Jerry looking away from the house. He turns and looks at the house.

AN ANGLE close on Jerry, thinking, brooding, deciding.

EXT. AMERICAN EAGLE REALTY - DAY

87

The next day. AN ANGLE through the plate glass front windows from the parking area out front. We see Jerry standing beside his desk, on which stands a liquor store carton. Jerry is emptying everything from the desk drawers, stowing it all in the carton.

He finishes, closes the carton, turns away from the desk. Several CO-WORKERS shake his hand, wish him well. He nods his thanks, picks up the carton. The boss, MR. GRACE, holds the door open for Jerry to exit.

MR. GRACE

We'll miss you, Jerry. Good luck.

JERRY

Thanks, Mr. Grace.

CAMERA PANS with Jerry to his car in the parking area. As he opens the back and puts the carton in, Ogilvie's car goes by, on the main street. CAMERA PANS with Ogilvie's car.

OMIT

88

INT. COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE - ROSEDALE - DAY

89

A simple, non-lavish layout, this is a small town after all. ANNIE, the cute receptionist, puts documents away in the row of filming cabinets behind her desk. The name plaque on her desk identifies her as "Miss Barnes". She wears thick lensed but not unflattering glasses.

A discontented Ogilvie comes from the inner office with a bad-tempered man in charge named STARK.

OGILVIE

-- all the wedding announcements from the last year. How much time could that take?

STARK

More time than I've got or care to spare. Come back in a couple of weeks when we're not so busy.

OGILVIE

I need them now.

STARK

Good-bye.

Stark steps back into his office and closes the door. Ogilvie stands there fuming.

OGILVIE

(under his breath)

Asshole.

ANNIE

You're not qualified.

OGILVIE

(turning)

Huh?

ANNIE

(smiling)

To call him asshole. It's an earned privilege. You have to know him at least half an hour.

Ogilvie is intrigued. Annie seats herself behind her desk. Ogilvie comes over and sits down on the edge of it. He picks up her name plaque.

OGILVIE

Maybe you could help me... Miss Barnes.

ANNIE

(coily)

I could. The question is, why should I?

OGILVIE

(with a smile)

Because asshole wouldn't like it. And I would. What do you say, Miss Barnes?

Annie smiles. She reaches out and takes the name plaque from him.

ANNIE

I say you're qualified to call me Annie.

INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A89

CLOSE ON several xerox copies of wedding announcements across a bedspread. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Ogilvie and Annie under the sheets, post-coital. Ogilvie is sorting through xerox copies of wedding records covering the bedspread. Annie, slightly disappointed that the romance is over, gropes for her glasses on the night stand and helps him look through the announcements.

OGILVIE

I'm looking for couples where the bride had kids. Widows who've remarried, divorcees...

ANNIE

Somebody with a ready-made family, huh?

OGILVIE

(nodding)

I think that's what Morrison would be looking for. I know him. This guy can't live without a family... like my sister and her kids.

ANNIE

(sympathetic)

You should have told me up front why you needed these.

OGILVIE

(not hearing; almost to himself)

I met him at their wedding before I took off for Europe. You should have seen him. Oh, he was slick. The perfect home, the perfect family. This was a guy who had bought the American dream all the way. And my sister and her kids adored him. Hell, everybody did. But I had this feeling in my gut. To me he was like an alien trying to impersonate the all-American boy. He was just too good to be true.

(darkly)

I should have done something.

ANNIE

Jim, you had no way of knowing. It's nothing you could have seen coming.

OGILVIE

Maybe not...

(a pause)

...but I can stop that fuck from doing it to somebody else.

Ogilvie realizes he's coming off pretty morbid. He smiles and shakes his head.

OGILVIE

Sorry.

ANNIE

That's okay. I guess we all have our obsessions.

OGILVIE

What's yours?

Annie smiles and presses closer.

ANNIE

I thought you'd never ask.

As they embrace the stack of xerox copies tumbles off the bed and falls across Ogilvie's jacket on the floor from which a gun barrel protrudes.

INT. SUSAN'S CAR - DAY

90

Susan and Stephanie ride along in silence. Neither has quite gotten over Jerry's outburst but Susan is trying to wear a pleasant face.

STEPHANIE

Mom, what I was saying last night...

SUSAN

(firmly)

I'm willing to forget. We're starting fresh from today.

STEPHANIE

Why are we acting like nothing happened? Mom, you saw him yourself.

SUSAN

He overreacted a little.

STEPHANIE

A little?

SUSAN

Alright. A lot. I'm not excusing Jerry but try to remember that all this is new to him. He's never had a family before.

Stephanie reacts with a start, reminded of the Henry Morrison business. She turns and studies her mother's profile. It is clear that Susan is confused and in pain of her own. Stephanie decides to say nothing and goes back to looking out the window.

SUSAN
(with false
brightness)
Everybody says this new doctor is
one of the best.

OMIT

91

OMIT

92

INT. MEDICAL CENTER CORRIDOR - DAY

93

Stephanie grimly pushes open a door marked "Dr. Barbara Faraday". An imposing stern-faced WOMAN looks up from her desk.

DR. FARADAY

Miss Maine?

Stephanie knows bad news when she sees it.

STEPHANIE

Sorry. Wrong office.

Stephanie closes the door and strides down the corridor, pausing before the familiar door of Dr. Bondurant. She looks both ways to make sure the hall is empty then tries the knob. Unlocked.

OMIT

94

EXT. FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

95

Jerry's Honda drives on board the ferry.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

96

Half-full with passengers and cars. Jerry walks down the deck and enters the men's room.

INT. FERRY MEN'S ROOM - DAY

97

POV from mirror over sink, showing a small bathroom. It sways a bit, the ship in motion.

Jerry enters with attache case, shuts and locks the door and puts the case on the sink OUT OF FRAME. There's a CLICKING SOUND as he undoes the snaps. He looks expressionlessly at himself in the mirror (i.e. directly in CAMERA), then leans forward to ECU to remove his contact lenses. He puts them

away in a lens carrier, then takes a pair of light-rimmed glasses from the attache case and puts them on. (They are very different from Howard Morrison's spectacles.) He next puts spirit gum on his upper lip and adds a smallish moustache. He studies himself critically in the mirror and finally smiles in approval. CLICKING SOUND as he snaps the attache case shut. He picks it up and exits.

INT. BONDURANT'S OFFICE - DAY

98

The same day. Stephanie stands in the dim room. Preparations have been made for moving out; pictures off walls and stacked on chairs, books off shelves and into cartons, and so on.

Stephanie looks at Bondurant's desk, stacked with folders. She crosses to the chair he used to sit in. She drops into it.

STEPHANIE

Dr. Bondurant, I've got nobody anymore, not without you. I can't ask my Mom to choose between me and him. Karen doesn't really understand. There's this boy I like but I think he scared him away. And the shrink they want to stick me with instead of you -- forget it. What am I going to do now? I need help. What happened to you anyway?

Stephanie pushes away the folders in front of her to gaze fondly at the desk blotter covered with Bondurant's doodles. They're comforting, a little like having part of him there.

INSERT. Desk blotter. Stephanie traces a finger over some of the drawings, coming to a stop on some words, circled and embroidered. It's an address accompanied by the name "J. Blake".

A98

STEPHANIE

B98

reacts with surprise as if given an electric shock.

INT. MEN'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

99

The same day. Jerry tries on a sports jacket in a somewhat flashier style than we've seen before. The SALESMAN fusses a bit with the shoulders and lapels, then steps back. (Jerry is in the persona from the ferry.)

SALESMAN

Have a look at yourself.

ANOTHER ANGLE as Jerry steps forward, smiling in anticipation, positioning himself in front of the triptych of mirrors. CAMERA PANS to his side, to AN ANGLE where all we can see is the real person and his multiple reflections in the mirrors, endlessly repeated. Jerry turns this way and that, smiling, almost dancing, reveling in this new self.

EXT. ROW HOUSE - DAY

100

A row of clean but modest two story connected houses. Ogilvie's car sits at the curb. We see Ogilvie at the door of one of the houses, talking to a YOUNG COUPLE. They close the door and Ogilvie returns to his car, pausing to open a spiral notebook.

INSERT. Notebook. A list of about 25 names, all recently married couples. Several names have been crossed off. Ogilvie's pen draws a line through the latest. Farther down the list we see "Gerald and Susan Blake".

A100

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE - DAY

101

Jerry, wearing the glasses and moustache of his latest persona, moves forward to greet Chesterton, one of the partners, who emerges from his office. Jerry exudes confidence and ease.

JERRY

Hi. Bill Hodgkins.

CHESTERTON

The man who phoned about the job, right? I'm Roy Chesterton.

They shake hands.

CHESTERTON

Ever sold insurance before?

JERRY

Back east in Pennsylvania. If there's a policy I haven't sold I'd like to know what it is.

CHESTERTON

Do you specialize in any one area?

JERRY

Well, I'm comfortable with them all but I guess my personal crusade is family related policies -- particularly life insurance.

CHESTERTON

(impressed)
That's a toughie. People don't like to face the fact that they're going to die some day.

JERRY

(with a smile)
I know I don't.

CHESTERTON

(smiling back;
enjoying their rapport)
Death is always something that happens to other people.

JERRY

That's why I like to think I'm helping protect families.

CHESTERTON

I'm glad to hear you say that because
that's our main objective here.

(making up his
mind)

If we come to a meeting of the minds
-- and I have a feeling we will --
when would you be able to start?

JERRY

Well, I have a few things to clear
away. Say, a week from Monday?

CHESTERTON

Wonderful. Come on into my office,
Mister Hodgkins.

Jerry follows him.

JERRY

Call me Bill.

EXT. HOUSE FOR SALE - DAY

102

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the house, the For Sale sign and the
address, which is the one Stephanie found in Bondurant's
office. CAMERA PANS to find Stephanie's bicycle leaning
against the house corner.

INT. VACANT HOUSE - DAY

103

A downstairs room, with pink mover's paper on the floor. A window slides open and Stephanie climbs in, cautious, looking this way and that. She crosses the room and exits.

INT. VACANT HOUSE - DAY

104

The murder room. No paper on the floor except one length along one wall. Stephanie enters, looks around, opens the closet door, looks inside, crosses to the potential den, looks in, closes that door again, heads for the door she entered through, stops, looks back, shakes her head, opens the door, and a man is standing there, seeming to topple forward.

Stephanie SCREAMS and jumps back. So does the man SCREAM and jump back. He recovers first and comes into the room; a large heavy blustery REAL ESTATE AGENT, with an OLDER COUPLE behind him.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

(to couple)

I'm very sorry. This listing is supposed to be empty.

Stephanie pushes past them, and hurriedly exits.

INT. BLAKE DINING ROOM - DAY

105

The same day. The family eats dinner, and again it's steak and potatoes and a green vegetable. This time, there's complete silence except for the SOUNDS of cutlery against the plates. Jerry, looking stiff and muffled, as though swallowing back anger, glowers at his plate and eats mechanically, cutting his steak with emphatic over-stated gestures. Stephanie, thinking hard and throwing occasional determined and frustrated looks at Jerry, pushes the food around on her plate. Susan, aware of the tension and made uncomfortable by the silence, doesn't know what caused this situation, and makes tentative attempts to break through it.

WIDE SHOT of the table and family. CAMERA PANS SLOWLY IN as they all remain silent. First Jerry, then Susan, go OUT OF FRAME as the camera moves in to CU on Stephanie.

As Susan goes OUT OF FRAME she's about to speak.

SUSAN (O.C.)

Stephanie, did you see Paul at school today?

Stephanie is too lost in her own thoughts to hear or respond. CAMERA KEEPS PANNING, now PANNING RIGHT, Stephanie going OUT OF FRAME as Susan ENTERS FRAME, looking at Stephanie with some exasperation. CAMERA KEEPS PANNING RIGHT, as Susan turns her head in that direction, about to speak to Jerry, starting to speak as she goes OUT OF FRAME and Jerry ENTERS FRAME.

SUSAN (O.C.)

Jerry, why don't we invite Paul for lunch this weekend?

Jerry broods, unheeding, eyes moving as he watches something in his mind. CAMERA PANS IN TO ECU on Jerry. BEAT. FADE.

INT. BLAKE KITCHEN - DUSK

106

After dinner. Susan rinses dishes as Jerry walks past, shrugging on a jacket, heading for the garage.

SUSAN

Jerry, we need to talk.

Jerry pauses at the door and turns back, a peaceful look on his face.

JERRY

About what?

SUSAN

About what? About what's happening to this family.

JERRY

(calmly)

Oh, that. I'm taking care of it.

SUSAN

(incredulous)

By yourself?

JERRY

That's right.

Jerry exits. Susan looks mystified.

OMIT

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82.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

108

Jerry walks along, lost in thought. It's hard to say how long he's been walking or how far he's gone. He stops to watch a scene unfold across the street.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

A108

JERRY'S POV: It's the house he sold to the Anderson family at the beginning of the film. Mister Anderson's car pulls into the drive. Almost immediately the front door opens to reveal his happy homemaker wife and daughter Cindy.

Cindy runs to the car, the faint SOUND of her voice calling, "Daddy's home! Daddy's home!" Mister Anderson enfolds her in his arms and then embraces his wife. Together the three of them enter the house.

Cindy pauses in the doorway, turns about and regards the familiar man watching from across the street. She raises her little hand and waves.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

B108

Jerry finds himself raising his own hand to wave back.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

C108

JERRY'S POV: Cindy turns and enters the house, closing the door and shutting Jerry out in effect from his own image of the perfect family.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

D108

Jerry turns and slowly walks away, sadly ambling down the sidewalk, growing smaller in frame.

OMIT

109

EXT. BLAKE HOUSE - DAY

110

Ogilvie's car pulls up at the curb. He checks the address on his notebook, then jogs up the lawn and rings the front doorbell.

Susan opens the door.

OGILVIE

Hi. Is Gerald Blake home?

SUSAN

No. Was he supposed to show you
a house?

OGILVIE

He sells houses?

SUSAN

That's right. Can I help you?

Her curiosity is laced with suspicion.

OGILVIE

(backing away)

No, I'll just drop by later. I'm
not even sure it's the same Gerald Blake.

SUSAN

I could give him a message.

OGILVIE

Tell him Jim Ogilvie's in town. He
might recognize the name.

(then)

On second thought, don't tell him.
If he's the guy I know I'd rather
surprise him.

Ogilvie jobs back down the lawn to his car. Susan frowns,
then closes the door.

EXT. FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

111

The same day. Jerry, as Jerry, drives onto the ferry.

OMIT

112

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

113

The same day. Stephanie walks around the charred remains of Bondurant's car, then makes her way up the hill.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

114

The curve where Jerry set up the accident. Stephanie's bike is parked where the car was. Stephanie reaches the top of the hill, looks back down at the car, crosses to the bike, stuffs her books deeper into the basket, notices something and stops. She walks to the side of the gravel parking area.

AN ANGLE on a shrub at the edge of the parking area. The piece of pink mover's paper that blew away from Jerry is stuck in it. Stephanie approaches, carefully takes the paper from the shrub, studies it, looks back toward the burned-out car. Realization, disbelief, then belief, then horror, then sudden triumph. She holds tight to the paper, staring at it.

STEPHANIE

(whispered)
I've got him!

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

115

The same day. An older block in a Washington state town, where about half of the originally one-family houses have been converted to two flats or even several apartments.

DOROTHY RINEHART, an attractive woman in her early thirties, uses an old manual lawn mower in front of one house. It's hard work, and she's about two-thirds done. At the end of one sweep across the front she stops for a breather, standing on the blacktop driveway that separates this house from the one next door. As she stands there, Jerry comes out of that other house, in his 'Bill Hopkins' moustache and glasses. He comes off the porch and down the blacktop, smiling amiably at Dorothy.

JERRY

Hi.

DOROTHY

(polite but distant)

Hello.

JERRY

I'm Bill Hopkins.

(gestures at house)

I just rented the apartment upstairs.

DOROTHY

(pleased)

Oh! So we're neighbors.

JERRY

That's right.

Dorothy pulls off her gardening gloves and they shake hands.

DOROTHY

I'm Dorothy Rinehart. Welcome to Madison Street.

JERRY

Thanks.

(gestures at mower)

Hard work.

DOROTHY

The kids are supposed to do it, but you know how kids are.

ANOTHER ANGLE, over Dorothy's shoulder, on Jerry's happy smiling face.

JERRY

It's just you and the kids, eh?

Dorothy nods.

JERRY

That can be tough.

INT. AMERICAN EAGLE REALTY - DAY

116

The same day. The receptionist answers the phone.

RECEPTIONIST

American Eagle -- I'm sorry, but
Mister Blake is no longer connected
with this agency.

INT. BLAKE KITCHEN - DAY

117

Susan, bewildered, talks on the phone.

SUSAN

There's got to be some mistake -- No,
no, I know that number. I'm calling
from that number.

INT. AMERICAN EAGLE REALTY - DAY

118

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, Madam, but Mister Blake
left more than a week ago.

INT. BLAKE KITCHEN - DAY

119

Susan hangs up, completely confused.

EXT. FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

120

The same day. As the ferry docks and the cars drive off,
we see Jerry, as Jerry, behind the wheel of his Honda, joining
the flow of traffic.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

121

Stephanie's mind is working overtime as she peddles furiously
down the hill, picking up speed, the piece of pink paper
clutched tightly in her fingers. She is practically oblivious
to everything but her speed and her mission.

Stephanie reaches the bottom of the hill and makes a sharp right when a horn BLARES into her consciousness and tires SCREECH as an oncoming car tires to avoid crashing into her.

Stephanie swerves just in time. She goes up the curb and then down hard, on the grass. She loses control and she and her bike come crashing down on soft grass. As she hits, Stephanie's fingers release the piece of pink paper.

It flutters into the air, is caught by a gust of wind and lifted high into the sky. Stephanie, sprawled out in the grass watches the piece of paper -- her only hope -- carried off into the distance.

The driver of the car runs over and helps Stephanie to her feet. She gazes into the worried face of Jim Ogilvie.

OGILVIE

Are you alright?

STEPHANIE

(thinking about
the paper)

No.

(then)

I'm okay. I'm not hurt.

OGILVIE

You never can tell. At least let me drive you home. I could tell your folks what happened.

STEPHANIE

(frowning)

No, that's okay. Sorry.

Stephanie picks up her bike. It's not damaged. She swings on board and rides off in defeat. Ogilvie watches her disappear, then shrugs and returns to his car.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

122

Ogilvie raps on the front door. It swings to reveal a pissed-off WOMAN dressed for travel with a suitcase at her feet.

WOMAN

It's about time.

OGILVIE

(confused)
Mrs. Fairfax?

WOMAN

Not for long.
(indicating the suitcase)
Put this in the trunk. I'll be right
out.
(shouting into the house)
I'm leaving now!

A MAN appears. He sees Ogilvie.

MAN

(threatening)
Is this him? Is this the guy?

WOMAN

(sarcastic)
Oh, right. I'm having an affair with
a cab driver.

MAN

(advancing; jabbing
Ogilvie in the chest)
You let her in your cab and I'll
break every bone in your body.

Ogilvie, irritated by the poking, slams the Man up against the
wall, taking the wind and the fight out of him.

OGILVIE

(agitated)
I'm not a cab driver, okay?

MAN

(terrified;
instantly docile)
Okay.

OGILVIE

I just want to ask you a question.
(whipping out
Morrison photo)
You ever seen this guy? Think hard.

MAN

(nodding)

The beard's new but he looks like
the guy who sold us this house.

(to his wife)

Muriel?

The Woman, also contrite, sidles over and peers at the photo.

WOMAN

That's him.

OGILVIE

(putting it together)

He sells houses.

Ogilvie releases the Man.

OGILVIE

Was his name Blake? Jerry Blake?

MAN

Something like that, yeah.

Ogilvie takes off as the Man and Woman regard each other in
confusion.

EXT. EXPENSIVE HOUSE - DAY

123

Ogilvie runs to his car. He climbs in. The car is at the
inner end of a long driveway.

INT. OGILVIE'S CAR - DAY

124

Ogilvie's in such a hurry, he's getting in his own way,
fumbling with his keys.

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89A.

OGILVIE

I've got him!

Ogilvie gets the car started and backs down the driveway.

EXT. EXPENSIVE HOUSE - DAY

125

A taxi has stopped, blocking the driveway. Ogilvie backs down there and stops. Then he guns his engine and swerves around the taxi in reverse, driving right through the front yard.

INT. BLAKE KITCHEN - DAY

126

Susan sits at the counter, troubled and confused. Jerry enters from the attached garage, cheerful, blithe.

JERRY

Hiya, sweetheart.

SUSAN

(standing, cold-faced)

Where have you been?

JERRY

Showing the Morton house to some folks from--

SUSAN

(hard)

Don't lie to me.

JERRY

(surprised, but not yet upset)

What?

SUSAN

I called your office today.

JERRY

(confused)

Nobody gave me the message.

SUSAN

There wasn't any message. You stopped working there more than a week ago.

JERRY

(astonished)

I what?

SUSAN
The receptionist said--

JERRY
(understanding)
That idiot! That new girl can't--!
Susan, I never got anybody fired in
my life, but that girl, I just don't
know.

SUSAN
(bewildered)
You still work there?

JERRY
Of course! Where else would I be?

SUSAN
I don't know, I just thought--

JERRY
This is too much! I'm really upset.
(moving toward phone)
If old man Grace is still there--

SUSAN
Jerry, never mind. Maybe she just
misunderstood the name.

JERRY
Hopkins? What's to misunderstand?

Susan frowns at him in confusion: "Hopkins?"

SUSAN
What did you say?

Jerry realizes he's made a mistake.

JERRY
Wait a minute, no. Who am I here?

SUSAN
(getting scared)
Jerry?

JERRY
(grateful for the clue)
Jerry! Jerry Blake!

They look at one another across the counter, Jerry holding the
phone receiver in his left hand, right hand pointing toward
the dial.

As though everything's fine, he leans a bit closer toward the phone dial, as though to go on making the call, but suddenly lashes out with a hard fast backhand swing with his left, his fist and the receiver smashing into Susan's face.

AN ANGLE on Susan's side of the counter as she staggers back, hands going to her face. Jerry slaps the receiver down onto the phone and comes running around the counter after Susan, who SCREAMS and turns to run. But there's nowhere to run; she's in a cul-de-sac with only the cellar door beyond her. She runs to it anyway, yanks the door open.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

127

AN ANGLE from the foot of the steep wooden steps as the door opens.

INT. BLAKE KITCHEN - DAY

128

Jerry spins Susan around in the doorway, punching her face as hard as he can. She falls backward, blood spurting from her nose. She grabs for her face. He comes after her, and she pushes at his chest and face with blood-streaked hands, but he hits her hard again.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

129

PREVIOUS SHOT, as Susan falls down the full length of the stairs, landing in a distorted position at the bottom. She tries to get up, falls back, only half-conscious.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

130

Thwarted in its efforts to pass a slow-moving truck, Ogilvie's car suddenly shoots around it, causing a car coming the other way to veer off onto the shoulder.

INT. BLAKE KITCHEN - DAY

131

ECU, a kitchen drawer. It's yanked forcibly open and is full of knives. Jerry's hands ENTER FRAME and gather up knives.

ANGLE on Jerry, wild-eyed, blood streaked on his face as he dumps the knives on the counter and scrabbles through them for the one he wants.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

132

Susan lies twisted on the floor.

INT. BLAKE KITCHEN - DAY

133

Jerry selects a large heavy chef's knife. He is about to head for the cellar when there is an O.S. WHIMPERING SOUND. Jerry turns in response.

JERRY'S POV: Stephanie's puppy is revealed in the corner, shyly wagging its tail. Innocent. Trusting.

JERRY squats down on his haunches, the knife tightly clenched in his hand. He smiles and motions to the puppy with his other hand. His eyes gleam with madness.

JERRY

Here, boy.

JERRY'S POV: The hesitant puppy. Then, it shambles forward innocently willing to meet its fate.

JERRY. The knife in his hand catches the reflection of the overhead light. The puppy comes to him -- and Jerry strokes it fondly with his free hand.

JERRY

Yo, Rinty. Good doggie.

The SOUND of the front door opening O.S. Jerry freezes. FOOTSTEPS in the front hall. Then...

STEPHANIE

(O.S.)

Mom? Anybody home?

The puppy scampers past Jerry in response to its mistress' voice. We hear its claws on the floor of the front hall and Stephanie's happy greeting.

STEPHANIE

(O.S.)

Hi. Did they leave you all alone?

Jerry rises slowly, the knife featured prominently. O.S. SOUND of Stephanie's feet racing up the stairs -- then, the SOUND of her bedroom door slamming.

JERRY

(whispered)

You're a very bad girl.

OMIT 134

OMIT 135

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY 136

Ogilvie sits fuming in his stopped car. A CROSSING GUARD stands in front of him, holding up a big STOP sign while an endless double line of parochial SCHOOL GIRLS in uniform, with an occasional NUN, cross the street.

OMIT 137

OMIT 138

INT BLAKE KITCHEN - DAY 139

Jerry shoots a glance at the open cellar doorway, then his eyes go to the ceiling, thinking about Stephanie. He decides she must be dealt with first. Just as he turns to leave the kitchen, the phone RINGS. He stops to look at it.

INT. STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 140

Stephanie, removing her dirty clothes, crosses to the phone by the bed, catching it on the second ring.

STEPHANIE

Hello?

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - DAY 141

Karen on the phone.

KAREN

Listen, do you want to come over?

INT. BLAKE KITCHEN - DAY 142

Jerry listens in on the kitchen phone, the knife in his other hand.

STEPHANIE

(V.O., filtered)

No, I've got to wait for my Mom to
come home. I've got to talk to her.

Jerry grins and lays the phone receiver down gently on its
side on the counter. CAMERA PANS IN as Jerry moves OUT OF
FRAME, until we come to CU on the telephone. Faint hum SOUND.

OMIT

143

INT. BLAKE UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

144

Stephanie, in a robe, leaves her bedroom and crosses to the
bathroom.

INT. BLAKE BATHROOM - DAY

145

A long narrow bathroom with a small louvered window at one end
and a mirrored door at the other. Stephanie enters and starts
water running for a shower, disrobes, steps into the tub.

EXT. BLAKE HOUSE - DAY

146

Ogilvie's car careens down the block, swerves up onto the
Blake driveway and shudders to a stop.

INT. BLAKE STAIRWAY AND FRONT HALL - DAY

147

Jerry, clutching the knife, comes to the foot of the stairs
and stands listening. SOUND of shower.

INT. OGILVIE'S CAR - DAY

148

Ogilvie snaps open the glove compartment, grabs his pistol
and shoves it into his jacket pocket.

INT. BLAKE STAIRWAY AND FRONT HALL - DAY

149

SOUND of shower. Jerry slowly starts up the stairs.

INT. BLAKE BATHROOM - DAY

150

Stephanie showers.

EXT. BLAKE HOUSE - DAY

151

Ogilvie runs to the front door.

INT. BLAKE STAIRWAY AND FRONT HALL - DAY

152

Jerry's halfway up the stairs. SOUND of shower. SOUND of doorbell. Jerry stops, annoyed, looking back down at the front door. SOUND of doorbell.

EXT. BLAKE HOUSE - DAY

153

Ogilvie RINGS the bell again. Losing all patience he closes his hand around the doorknob. It's not locked. With his other hand he grips the gun in his pocket.

INT. BLAKE STAIRWAY AND FRONT HALL - DAY

154

Ogilvie allows the front door to swing wide open. He crosses the threshold. Every nerve in his body is tingling. He hears the SOUND of the shower upstairs and deduces that's where Jerry must be.

Ogilvie slowly moves toward the stairs. Behind him the front door noiselessly swings shut revealing Jerry. Jerry moves forward. Sensing his presence Ogilvie swings around.

The two men freeze, locking eyes in recognition.

JERRY

(warmly)

Jim. Jim Ogilvie.

Ogilvie reacts to Jerry's appearance -- is he too late?

OGILVIE

That's blood.

Jerry, who hadn't known about the blood on his face, raises a hand to touch it -- the hand with the knife. Ogilvie and Jerry both look at the knife in equal astonishment. Breaking out of his near-trance, Ogilvie goes for his gun, starting to pull it out of his pocket.

OGILVIE

You sonovabitch!

Jerry leaps forward thrusting the knife into Ogilvie's chest and quickly withdrawing it. Ogilvie's knees begin to buckle. He tries to form words but they do not come. He tries to raise the gun to kill his hated enemy but the life rushes out of him too quickly. He drops the gun. Then Ogilvie collapses on the floor, dead.

JERRY
(stepping over
the body)
Next time, Jim, call before you
drop by.

Jerry starts for the stairs, the knife in his hand shining with blood. He suddenly stops to listen, hears nothing, GROWLS in anger and goes up the stairs two at a time in a mad rush.

OMIT 155

OMIT 156

OMIT 157

OMIT 158

INT. BLAKE UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY 159

Jerry hurries to the bathroom, flings the door open and enters.

INT. BLAKE BATHROOM - DAY 160

It's empty. Steam on the mirrors. Jerry enters, sees Stephanie is not there and turns back.

INT. BLAKE UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY 161

AN ANGLE on Stephanie's bedroom as she comes out, barefoot, in shorts and a t-shirt, head covered by a towel as she briskly dries her hair.

AN ANGLE to include Jerry in the hall waiting just ahead of her, her head still covered by the towel.

JERRY

Hi, pumpkin.

Stephanie pulls the towel off her head and reacts with terror. Jerry is an apparition, blood smeared and wild eyed.

JERRY

This is going to hurt me a lot more than it's going to hurt you.

Jerry lunges forward, swinging the knife.

Stephanie stumbles back, the blade just missing. Jerry is off-balance allowing Stephanie to move past him and tumble through the bathroom door.

INT. BLAKE BATHROOM - DAY

162

Fuelled by panic Stephanie manages to grab hold of the door and slam it shut in Jerry's face. She throws the lock and leans in fright against the mirror on it, then recoils from a blow against the door.

INT. BLAKE UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

163

Jerry, raging, beats the door with his fist and the handle of the knife, then kicks it.

INT. BLAKE BATHROOM - DAY

164

Stephanie runs to the window, cranks the louvres open and screams through the narrow openings.

STEPHANIE

Help! Help!

EXT. BLAKE HOUSE - DAY

165

CLOSE on the window, Stephanie barely seen and heard behind the louvres. CAMERA CRANES AWAY from the house to a shot of the surrounding neighborhood where life goes on as usual.

INT. BLAKE BATHROOM - DAY

166

Stephanie, frantic, ranges back and forth in the narrow space.

A thunderous kick against the door. Stephanie turns and stares at her own pathetic reflection in the mirror of the door. And then the mirror cracks diagonally from top to bottom.

INT. BLAKE UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

167

Jerry braces himself and kicks the door again.

INT. BLAKE BATHROOM - DAY

168

Roughly a third of the mirror has shattered, shards springing away into the room. The door is almost breached.

Stephanie grabs a face towel, drops to her knees.

CU, on the floor, several long narrow triangles of broken mirror. Stephanie's shaking hands ENTER frame and wrap the face towel around the thick end of a wicked looking shard.

INT. BLAKE UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

169

Jerry is in a frenzy. He backs up, sets himself and then charges the door like a human battering ram.

INT. BLAKE BATHROOM - DAY

170

AN ANGLE from behind Stephanie as the door is split from top to bottom. The remaining parts of the mirror explode from the crumbling door and it seems almost as if Jerry enters the room through the mirror.

Before Jerry can orient himself Stephanie steps forward and drives the sharp shard of mirror into Jerry's upper left arm. Jerry HOWLS with pain and staggers to one side. Stephanie releases her grip on the shard and races into the hall.

INT. BLAKE UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

171

Stephanie runs to the stairs and is about to start down when something stops her.

INT. BLAKE STAIRWAY AND FRONT HALL - DAY

172

STEPHANIE'S POV: Ogilvie's dead body near the foot of the stairs.

INT. BLAKE UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

173

Stephanie recoils from the sight and blindly backs away from the stairs and continues down the hall. Suddenly realizing that the stairs are her only means of escape Stephanie turns to go back when Jerry steps out of the bathroom and walks down the hall toward her, blocking the stairs.

Jerry stops, separated from Stephanie by about a dozen feet.

ANGLE on Jerry who stands there facing her, the shard of glass still embedded in his arm, drawing blood but seeming to have no real effect on him.

Stephanie, frozen with fear, watches.

Jerry raises his hand and plucks the shard out of his arm. He holds the shard up and studies his reflection in it.

CU, the shard in Jerry's hands reflecting the madness in his eyes.

ANGLE on Jerry studying himself. He raises the knife and brushes back some hair that has fallen across his forehead, then looks up at Stephanie with a blood-chilling smile.

ANGLE on Stephanie as she turns and runs, stopping to yank open double doors in the side wall.

AN ANGLE on Jerry throwing his head back, laughing, triumphant.

ANGLE on Stephanie and the shallow linen closet she's just revealed, full of sheets and towels. Stephanie suddenly runs up the linen closet shelves like a cat.

ANGLE on Jerry's surprised reaction. He walks down the hall toward the linen closet, the knife swinging at his side.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

174

Unfinished, with small windows at both ends giving dim light. At one end, a simple plank floor has been laid over the joists, but in the rest of the attic there are simply the joists themselves showing, with lengths of insulation in between.

At the floored end are stacks of the usual family detritus, in final storage; cartons, framed pictures, a sled, an old sewing machine. The floored end also contains a trap door for access from below.

The trap door bursts open, and Stephanie appears, scrambling upward for her life.

INT. BLAKE UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

175

Jerry lunges for Stephanie, his free hand closing on her ankle.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

176

Stephanie, half into the attic, SCREAMS and kicks frantically downward.

INT. BLAKE UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

177

Stephanie's free foot kicks at Jerry's hand, loosening his grip. He stabs with the knife as her legs pull up out of sight, the knife sinking into sheets and pillowcases, tangling itself, Jerry ripping things out of the way to free the knife.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

178

Stephanie rolls away from the trap door, sits up, looks at her ankle smeared with blood from Jerry's hand and reacts with horror. As she's scrambling to her feet, Jerry's head appears, coming up the same way. Stephanie grabs the sled and shoots it across the space at Jerry, sliding on the floor on its runners. Jerry ducks as the sled goes over the trap door space and stops. Stephanie runs to kneel on the sled, to hold it in place and keep Jerry out. The knife blade slashes up between two of the sled boards and Stephanie SCREAMS and falls away.

INT. BLAKE UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

179

Jerry, SNARLING, struggles for footing on the shelves, throwing sheets and towels every which way.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

180

WIDE SHOT as the sled is flung up and away. Stephanie is nowhere in sight.

CLOSE on the trap as Jerry comes surging up through the opening. He looks around, he himself only visible from the chest up.

JERRY'S POV: The empty attic, with junk and furniture and a large wooden barrel at one end of the floored section.

AN ANGLE on Jerry climbing the rest of the way up to the attic, hulking there. A weird wheedling smile comes on his face.

JERRY
Stephanie? Sweetheart? Don't be
scared, sweetheart. Come on out.
Ollly ollly home free.

Jerry moves slowly through the attic, looking this way and that, the knifetip pointing everywhere he looks.

JERRY
(continuing)
I wouldn't hurt you, honey, you know
that. It's all a...
misunderstanding!

On that word, he turns, picks up a wooden barrel, and sends it flying, revealing Stephanie crouched behind it.

Stephanie springs to her feet as Jerry pursues her. She backs away to the edge of the floor.

STEPHANIE
Don't! Why? I'll be good!

Jerry follows, silent now, determined.

TWO SHOT as Stephanie turns and runs shakily along the joists, always teetering, always on the verge of falling. Jerry, sure-footed, his madness at fever pitch, his rage overwhelming, moves inexorably after her.

Stephanie turns, trying to keep her balance, pleading with Jerry.

STEPHANIE
Please!

Jerry has reached her now and makes a huge roundhouse sidearm swing with the knife. Stephanie, in terror, manages to dodge it.

INSERT. Jerry's foot, missing the joist, goes down through the insulation. A180

AN ANGLE from behind Jerry as he falls through the floor, Stephanie staring in astonishment. B180

REVISED 11/29/85

103.

INT. BLAKE BATHROOM - DAY

181

Jerry comes crashing through the ceiling and lands any which way on the tiled floor, next to the tub.

REVISED 10/15/85

104.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

182

Stephanie moves forward to look through the hole in the floor.

INT. BLAKE BATHROOM - DAY

183

STEPHANIE'S POV: Jerry does not move.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

184

With a flash of relief, Stephanie runs for the trap door.

INT. LINEN CLOSET - DAY

185

Stephanie sets a speed record for getting back down.

INT. BLAKE UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

186

ANGLE from behind Stephanie as she looks down the hall toward the stairs. Beyond it is the shattered bathroom door, the hall carpet strewn with pieces of wood and mirror. Slowly, Stephanie approaches the stairs.

INT. TOP OF STAIRS - DAY

187

Stephanie comes to the top of the stairs and gazes downward.

INT. BLAKE STAIRWAY AND FRONT HALL - DAY

188

STEPHANIE'S POV: At the foot of the stairs, a few feet from Ogilvie's body is Susan about to painfully make her way up the stairs. She looks up at her daughter and is swept with relief, nearly bursting into tears.

SUSAN

Stephanie...

INT. BLAKE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

189

Stephanie's reaction is identical. Her body sags.

STEPHANIE

Mommy...

INT. BLAKE STAIRWAY AND FRONT HALL - DAY

190 *

STEPHANIE'S POV: As Susan's face transforms into a mask of terror.

SUSAN
(a warning shriek)
Stephanie!

*
*

INT. BLAKE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

191 *

A figure looms up behind Stephanie.

*

ANGLE on Jerry, injured but undaunted, as his free hand grabs Stephanie by the shoulder and yanks her back, slamming her into the hall wall. Stunned, the girl sinks to the floor.

*
*
*

Jerry turns his back to the stairs and raises the knife when there is a deafening EXPLOSION and a bullet slams into the back of Jerry's shoulder, spinning him around.

*
*
*

INT. BLAKE STAIRWAY AND FRONT HALL - DAY

192 *

From SUSAN'S POV: As Jerry drops the knife on the top stair and tumbles about a third of the way down the stairs.

*
*

REVERSE ANGLE on Susan, shakily aiming Ogilvie's gun, tears of desperation streaking her face.

*
*

ANGLE on Jerry as he painfully picks himself up. Ignoring Susan entirely and concentrating his blood lust on Stephanie, he starts back up the stairs.

*
*
*

Susan takes aim.

*

SUSAN
No, Jerry! No!

*

Susan fires.

*

ANGLE from behind Susan as the shot goes wild, shattering a framed picture hanging a few feet from Jerry's head. Susan fires again. This bullet strikes Jerry in the back of the leg and causes him to fall face forward on the stairs.

*
*
*
*

ANGLE on Susan, nearly hysterical, as she takes aim to fire again and the gun jams.

*
*

INT. BLAKE UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

193 *

Stephanie, dazed and slumped against the wall, focuses her eyes.

STEPHANIE'S POV: The knife on the top stair, five yards away from her. Then -- like a shark rising out of the water, Jerry's twisted face appears below as he slowly, painfully crawls up the stairs in quest of the knife -- and Stephanie.

ANGLE on Stephanie reacting. The knife is her only chance. She throws herself forward, crawling to reach the knife before Jerry does.

ANGLE on Jerry pulling himself up the stairs, his bloody fingers straining for the knife.

ANGLE on Stephanie as she strains to reach it first.

CU, the knife as both their hands ENTER frame to grab it at the same time.

CU of the winner's hand raising the knife for the kill. The knife flashes down.

INT. BLAKE STAIRWAY AND FRONT HALL - DAY

194 *

Susan watches in horror, unable to make out what's happened.

SUSAN'S POV: At the top of the stairs, back turned, Jerry rises to his feet as if in victory.

INT. BLAKE UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

195 *

JERRY'S POV: Looking down at Stephanie's grim face.

STEPHANIE'S POV: Jerry towering above her, staggering. The knife is buried deep in his chest. Jerry looks down at her, almost confused.

JERRY

(quietly)

All I wanted was a little order.

INT. BLAKE STAIRWAY AND FRONT HALL - DAY

196 *

ANGLE from behind a relieved Susan as Jerry pitches backward and tumbles down the stairs, probably driving the knife deeper into himself with each step. He lands in a heap at her feet.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BLAKE KITCHEN - DAY

197

Some time later. Susan, carrying an armload of groceries, sets them on the counter. She takes off her coat and drapes it over a kitchen chair.

SUSAN

(calling)

Stephanie? You home, honey?

No response. Out of the corner of her eye Susan notices that the cellar door is part way open. She ignores it, though, and begins to put away the groceries.

Susan opens the refrigerator to make room for a carton of milk when a sudden familiar SOUND freezes her blood. She drops the milk on the floor as the O.S. SOUND of Jerry's power saw fills the soundtrack with its terrible whine.

Susan turns as her terrified eyes go to the cellar door but then she realizes that the sound is coming from elsewhere. It's coming from outdoors, from the backyard.

EXT. BLAKE BACKYARD - DAY

198

Susan throws open the backdoor, her heart beating fiercely.

CU, the blade of the power saw cutting into the pole that supports the bird house. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Stephanie at work. She steps away and switches off the saw as Susan reaches her.

ANGLE on the bird house, ominous as ever, going slowly over Susan and Stephanie in b.g. CAMERA PANS with the falling bird house.

AN ANGLE low on the ground, looking up past the fallen bird house toward mother and daughter, as arms around each other, they return to the house. The back door slams behind them with a bang, the screen door Jerry Blake was going to fix one of these days.

FADE OUT.